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A DREAM OF ATLANTIS.

BY ALICE LE PLONGEON.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE archaeological studies pursued by Dr. Le Plongeon through a number of years, have induced the author of the present work to suppose that the very ancient Mayas had, in remote times, gone forth from the West to people Atlantis, the same land which is called Mu in the Troano Manuscript according to the translation of Le Plongeon—and that a few years prior to the destruction of that famous land a colony of the old Maya stock again returned to the fatherland, in these days named Yucatan, and there founded a new empire that was under the rule of the Cans, the first king of this dynasty having been unanimously proclaimed by the colonists as their chosen monarch. The motive of this work is therefore to show the foundation of the Maya empire which has bequeathed to our times the vestiges of civilization for which Yucatan is famous. To this subject only the fourth book is devoted, and its atmosphere of austerity is of necessity a contrast to the other parts of the work.

Accepting Plato's story of Atlantis, and knowing that the Maya and the Greek languages have much in common, the author has given Maya names to several of her characters, and Greek names to others—the inference being that in Atlantis, which was a cosmopolitan center, several languages were in use among the inhabitants.

Although this is not the place to describe archæological discoveries, it may be stated that Dr. Le Plongeon has deciphered four accounts, and discovered another yet to be deciphered, by ancient Maya authors, regarding the destruction and submergence of a great island in the Atlantic Ocean—presumably the Atlantis of Plato—and called by the Mayas "The Land of Mu," "The Life of the Basin (ocean)."

The author of the present work holds that whenever and wherever man has attained to a certain degree of intellectual development, he has discovered many of the universal laws, just

as these are now being discovered; also that all vestiges of such progress may have been more than once entirely obliterated from the face of the earth by great cataclysms; that therefore it is not possible for us to affirm that the present human race has advanced beyond anything that the ancients had dreamed of;—it is, for instance, impossible to prove that the ancient Atlanteans did not utilize the forces of nature, such as electricity, as does the modern civilization.

BRIEF OUTLINE.

In this work the author accepts the story of Atlantis as bequeathed by Plato, and also the corroborative evidence offered by the discoveries of Le Plongeon.

Atlantis is considered at the time when it had reached its climax of power and arrogance but was degenerate in its morals. Atlas, suzerain of nine other princes, each ruling a province, endeavored to be faithful to the high ideals of his forefathers, and consider the welfare of the people. He is represented as a widower with one child, a daughter, and about to marry an Athenian lady residing at the court as companion to Nalah, his daughter.

Can, afterwards the founder of the royal dynasty in Yucatan, is cousin of Atlas and a friendly councillor as well as the family physician.

Gadeirus is the prince who would inherit the high place of Atlas, in case of his decease—and against this prince Atlas is warned by Can, who is gifted with great intuition.

The betrothal rites of Atlas and Pelopa are celebrated by festivities including a chariot race,—this incident affords an opportunity for the introduction of a boy and girl, named respectively Cho and Pepen, who play a role in the unfoldment of the story.

An annual rite is performed in the temple of Poseidon.

Prince Gadeirus poisons the goblet of Atlas, who is discovered dead.

The wise physician Can and the priestess Manab are convinced of the guilt of Gadeirus, but cannot prove it in accordance with the law of the land, therefore the murderer succeeds to the throne of Atlas. He would wed Pelopa, having long desired her, and his son is an aspirant to the hand of Nalah. Pelopa finds a

refuge with the priestess, and Nalah escapes from the palace to join Can, who leads an emigration out of Atlantis and founds a new empire of the Maya people on the distant strand of Mayach, the Yucatan of to-day.

Fifteen years after the departure of Can and his followers, Atlantis celebrates great martial victories—but the priestess Manab prophecies universal destruction. Atlantis sends out a great fleet and an army to subdue all the nations within the Pillars of Heracles. Athens conquers Atlantis. Atlantis is overwhelmed and destroyed by a stupendous cataclysm. In the temple of Poseidon Gadeirus is accused by Manab of the murder of Atlas. He rushes from her presence to meet his doom. The land is torn into fragments. The temple of Poseidon, tossed by the quaking earth, is at last engulfed by the waves and sucked down into the mighty deep.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

PROLOGUE.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

In ages long since rolled away
 A mighty empire wielded sway
 O'er lands thro' many centuries blest,
 Reposing on great Ocean's breast;—
 A continent whose vast domain
 Had gloried in the happy reign
 Of wise and righteous kings
 Descended from the sacred ten—
 Those gracious, kind and noble men
 Whose memory fable sings.
 Of Poseidon were these the sons—
 'Tis thus the old tradition runs—
 For when the gods apportioned soil
 Where mortals might rejoice and toil,
 To Poseidon they gave Meru;
 Atlantis also named, and Mu.

Upon that land found he a maid—
 Fair Cleito unto love obeyed;

Whence sprang ten sons of godly birth
Who made a paradise of earth:

 In fertile valleys green;
No other land appeared as fair,
Nor yielded with so little care
The fruits and flowers of beauty rare,
 In Mu abundant seen.

This favored country, situate
Beyond Heracles pillars great
To islets led, and vaster land,
A continent immense and grand.

Of Cleito, then, the oldest son
Was Atlas, named by Poseidon,
Who left him king supreme when he,
Great master of the open sea,
Forsook the soil that he had blessed,—
Moved ever by divine unrest
 To conquer worlds anew.

Nine other sons he likewise gave
A kingdom each to build, and save
From foreign foe, but all were bound
To heed the judgment good and sound
 Of Atlas strong and true.
These lived in ages long past count,
And there the mighty seed and fount—
Those ten who governed, just and grand—
Whence came the kings of many a land.
From sire to son were handed down
Their honored names of wide renown;
And to those shores where Wisdom reigned,
Where pleasant life could be obtained,
Thronged voyagers who there remained
 Where love and law prevailed.
For like a vigorous tree that springs
And wide its verdant branches flings—
To shade the tender plants below
While ever it doth larger grow—
So throve this nation in its might,
Aspiring only for the right,

While none its peace assailed,—
 Extending its protecting hand
 O'er neighboring isles and distant strand
 Where loaded ships had made their way,
 Conveying such as there would stay
 When Mu, Life of the Ocean, filled,
 No longer offered soil untilled:
 The empire that had grown surcharged
 With populace, must be enlarged.
 From busy towns and hamlets then
 Departed enterprising men,
 To north and south, to east and west,
 Where each aspired to live his best;
 Yet all remained the subjects true—
 Allegiance eager to renew—
 Of Atlas and the other nine
 Who would for public weal combine
 To long uphold the righteous state
 Whose welfare was their chief debate.
 Here flourished then a realm most blest,
 For none were by its laws opprest;
 Whose people could of one accord
 Commend the action of each lord,
 The plenteous wealth this land gave forth,
 Its mines, its woods and spices, worth
 A whole world's ransom, all was used
 For common good, no one abused
 Or sought to wrong a fellow man,
 Embittering his life's short span,
 Among those people true.
 They builded harbors, walls and docks
 Hewed deep within the solid rocks.
 Some spent their days beneath the soil
 Whence they, begrudging not their toil,
 Red orichalcum drew—
 Whose worth was counted not below
 The ore affecting Phoebus' glow,
 Abounding in the earth.
 And many a brawny arm was swung
 In quarried depths, where pickaxe rung,
 Among the rays fair Iris flung

To grace the onyx wherein dwell,
In each minute and wonderous cell,
Her splendid tints, sent forth
When Earth was young: Those beams of light
Sought rest in centuries of night,
Speeding adown from wonderous height.
In dark repose they hid away,
Abiding there till radiant day
Would call them forth to lend their share
Of beauty to a world most fair.

In halls and temples of the state,
And palaces where dwelt the great,
Industry, science, noble art,
Combined to make of every part
A vision mortal eye could view,
And gazing find the good and true.

And ever to the harbors came,
Drawn thither by the nation's fame,
The merchant ships of distant shores,
Whence brought they of their richest stores;
To load again with treasures rare,
Of artifice beyond compare;—
Rich stuffs, bright gauzes soft and fine,
Clear gems that maidens fair might twine
Amid their tresses, there to vie
With love's own beam in beauteous eye;
And marble fine whose rainbow tints
In traceries the sun-god prints;
All metals, yellow, red and white,
Wherein the vision finds delight;
And ivory tusks of pearly hue,—
For in the ancient land of Mu
Huge elephants in numbers grew.
These things and many more besides
Were carried forth upon the tides
From Mu to foreign shores;
For all that earth has ever given
Where strength and will have nobly striven,
Was found within her doors.

The empire reached its prime and there,
Suspended in perfection rare,
Was poised as mistress of the world,
Its banners far and near unfurled.
But human institutions all
Are like the ripened fruits that fall
When, rich maturity attained
The energy of growth has waned ;
For nations, like the finite man,
Enduring for so brief a span,
Resemble but the fallen trees
The men, leaves carried by the breeze.
As harmful weeds may spring unseen,
Uprearing noxious heads between
The wholesome plants that nourish life—
Thus stealthily crept in the strife.
The reign of Justice now gave way
Before Ambition's baneful sway.
The friendship all would erst accord
Was changed to war by fire and sword
When haughty potentates of Mu
With arrogance offensive grew
And, waging war on land and sea,
Mild rule replaced with harsh decree.
But all was ended on that day
When earth itself was swept away—
Resistless forces overthrew
"Life of the Basin," Land of Mu.
If Inspiration lend her beam,
Upon this most alluring theme
Imagination's loom may give
The thread to weave a narrative.

(To be continued.)

Poetry above all, we should have known long ago, is one of those mysterious things whose origin and developments never can be what we call explained ; often it seems to us like the wind, blowing where it lists, coming and departing with little or no regard to any, the most cunning theory that has yet been devised of it.

—Carlyle, *Early German Literature*.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

BOOK FIRST.

PART 1.

(Continued from page 20.)

Awake! Awake! The mighty one
Triumphant hath his course begun—
Arise! Receive the light that he
Again bestows on land and sea.

Great Ocean's daughter Mu awakes
As welcome dawn the darkness breaks
With rosy hues that tip the wave
Whose ripples onward flow to lave
The shipping and the sandy beach—
Whatever lies within their reach.

Great Mu awakes again to know
The ardent, life-bestowing glow
Its god imparts, uprising slow,
Majestic in his might:
The orb of day whose splendor bounds.

Athwart the earth, arousing sounds,
Has banished dreamy night.
While every face is sunward turned,
The fragrant smoke of incense burned
Ascends from temples' height.

Awake! awake! the mighty one
Triumphant hath his course begun;
Arise! receive the life that he
Bestows upon the land and sea,—

The watchman chants and homeward hies,
Light-hearted 'neath the azure skies.

Beyond the shores the boatmens' hymn
Resounds while o'er the water skim
The craft of fishermen who sail—
Perchance to perish in a gale—

"Bestow thy grace when billows roar;
Hide not thy face when far from shore

We toss upon the main.

To thee we plead, O torch divine!
Our voices heed; cease not to shine;

Nor make our efforts vain;

But grant thy ray while on the deep

We sail all day; may tempest sleep

Till haven we regain."

The city too begins to wake,
(Named Maya from a daughter fair
Of Atlas first, Poseidon's heir)

As on its sleep-locked ears now break
The clarion tones that sound the hours;

While sentinels on lofty towers

Bold homage render, lifting high

Their gleaming weapons to the sky;

Deep reverence would they express

In praying for their arms' success:—

"Thy fire we crave in time of strife;

Set us aglow! Give us the life

Of every foe! In victory we

Triumphant over all would be!"

"O savage hearts! In days of yore

Your fathers revelled not in gore;

The gifts of learning they e'er sought,

And every noble art was taught

In schools where e'en the bravest youth

Won laurels at the shrine of Truth":—

Thus mused a sage who early trod

With springing step the verdant sod

That led within the palace gates,

Beneath the palms of ripening dates;

But, pausing now, the prince, wise Can,

Stopped by a look a serving man
 About to sally forth,
 Demanding low, "I pray thee, friend,
 Who at this moment doth attend
 On Atlas, ever great and good?"
 Replied the servant as he stood
 With humble mien before the prince,
 "'Tis but a very brief time since
 Gadeirus from the north
 Petitioned audience of the King,"
 "He surely doth new grievance bring,"
 The wise man mused as on he went,—
 "Or on some dark intrigue is bent.
 How slender now the ties which long
 Made one the ruler of this strong
 And noble state. Two ancient kings
 Were brothers twin, the poet sings,
 Atlas and Gadeirus, both true,
 And ever willing to renew
 The vow enjoined by Posiedon—
 That his ten sons would ever shun
 What actions might awaken strife,
 Regarding sacred every life.
 These potentates are far removed
 From parent stock. Events have proved
 How false the oath of fealty given
 By more than one. As each hath striven
 For power usurped, the wrong has thriven;
 And tho' to Atlas each appeals,
 Infraction constantly reveals
 That he no longer stands supreme;
 Base envy lurks beneath the gleam
 Of smiles. While they his council seek
 With honeyed words and aspect meek,
 They eagerly await the day
 When heirless he shall pass away."

Still meditating Can at last
 Beyond a lofty portal passed
 And came at length where curtains veiled
 An arch. Here pages stood, detailed
 To guard the king if one should strive

Without permission to arrive
 Where he in kindliness each morn
 Gave ear to friends,—nor would he scorn
 The humblest mortal of the earth
 Whate'er his poverty or birth.

"Who tarries with the King, I pray—
 Gadeirus who arrived to-day?"
 Asked Can. A youth responded, "Yea,
 He with His Majesty now holds
 Long converse; but these silken folds,
 If we but softly agitate,
 Thy presence here will indicate."

Thus saying, he the curtain stirred
 And silvery chimes were whispering heard.
 Ere long a signal soft made known
 The monarch could be found alone.

Both hands out-stretched, up rose the king—
 "Thy presence joy doth ever bring,"
 He said,—“Come, sit beside me, near;
 Thy faithful counsel I would hear.”

These cousins might themselves have been
 Two gods on earth; their brows serene
 Bespoke true majesty of thought;
 Light's purest ray their eyes had caught;
 For truth beamed there and seemed to blend
 With forces that would never end.

Superb the hall they looked upon;
 The treasurers of the soil here shone
 In burnished metals, agates rare,
 Clear alabaster; everywhere
 Art lent its charm and Nature hers,
 In luxury that wealth confers.

"Thy wishes I would gladly know,"
 Said Can, and paused, then dropping low
 His voice—"Thy words perchance may lead
 Up to the cause that I would plead.
 Arriving here I met Heppel,—

A faithful man; he serveth well
 Thy person and, tho' humble, he
 Would sacrifice his life for thee.
 To me replying, he now told
 That from the north Gadeirus bold
 Had come, and was the first to seek
 Thy side. May we of him now speak?"

"Yea, yea, of him and his desires,"
 Thus Atlas said, "for he aspires
 To win for Lobil, his own heir,
 My dearest treasure, Nalah fair,
 Whose maiden days are scarce begun,
 Tho' hearts already she hath won.

Her mother's form, her smile, her face,
 Her gentleness and easy grace—
 Lost to our view so long ago!—
 In this dear child once more we know."
 "Informed that I again would wed,
 Gadeirus hither came, he said,
 Rejoicing in the thought that here
 A prince among us might appear,
 To manhood thrive and worthily
 Rule long upon this land and sea

When I have passed away.
 Then too he begs,—and this we deem
 A strange request,—for can it seem
 Expedient that the one, whose reign
 Is over kingdoms ten, should deign

From his own realm to stray
 Obedient to the call of one
 Who little right hath ever done?—
 Gadeirus craves no meaner guest
 Than our royal presence, to arrest
 The turbulence that threats to break
 All bounds, rebellion to awake.
 Nor brooks he brief delay, but pleads
 We give at once the aid he needs;
 Entreats our nuptials be delayed
 Until his populace, dismayed
 By military cavalcade
 In our brave retinue,

Subside to passive discontent,
 Their ebullitions being spent
 In tournaments and festive days,—
 While acclamations in our praise

 Their fealty renew:—

All which is planned. Then also he,
 Of ancient laws reminding me,
 Pretends that every prince must take
 A part, if war upon us break.
 'Gainst armed invaders we should lend
 Our might, but not one spear-point send
 To work a grim disastrous fate
 On hapless wretches who, to sate
 His false desires, are overtaxed
 And underfed till they have waxed
 As fierce as famished wolves by night.
 Pretence makes he to heed our right
 Of suzerain, but clear as day
 We see how well doth he obey!
 I question now myself and thee
 Could I his hapless people free

 By granting his desires?

If Nalah's hand we could bestow
 With her consent, perchance might flow
 O'er paths of pain a healing stream;
 In darkness Hope might shed her beam—
 For goodness good inspires."

Can now with eagerness thus spake:—

"I pray thee for the nation's sake
 Go not! for I arriving here
 Felt all his scheming plans. Beware!
 Thou art the elder of the twain,
 And secretly he hopes to gain
 Advantage from thy quick demise;
 For he by this would surely rise
 To occupy this Sacred Height,
 None daring to dispute his right
 To seize the power. This place he longs
 To hold, regardless of the wrongs
 He must inflict to reach his mark—
 Yea! e'en to quench the vital spark

Of life in one who o'er his head
Towers, like palm-tree o'er the dead
And rotting nut upon the ground—"
He paused—"Methought I heard a sound
Near by. 'Twere better none should know
I thee advise and would foreshow
A crime. Withhold thy daughter's hand;
Reject, I pray, the bold demand
Of yon ambitious, scheming lord;
Pledge not, O King, thy royal word.
Change not thy nuptial hour, nor leave
This realm—dark motives I perceive.
Thy presence blocks the evil way
Of him who would thy righteous sway
Supplant, to rule with tyrant hand
The subjects blessed with thy command."
He ceased, his eyes most eloquent
Solicitous on Atlas bent—
Who thus as earnestly replied—
"On thee I ever have relied
As uttering conviction clear,
And fain would linger yet to hear
Thy counsel well conceived. Thy fear
For me from deep affection wells;
But grim suspicion often dwells
Where anxious thought finds lurking place—
And we petition of thy grace
A judgment less severe for one
Who, evil tho' he oft hath done,
Might never meditate a blow
By which our sovereign blood would flow;
But, heeding all thy welcome words,
We shall not yield to scheming lords.
Within our council chamber wait
The ministers who will debate
Anent the day when at my side
Again will sit a beauteous bride.
That day, O Can, I seek to make
A feast of joy that may awake
Devotion to our chosen queen;
For this our ministers convene."

He paused, but Can abstracted seemed,
And listened not, as tho' he deemed
All else of little weight, if he
Now failed to make good Atlas see
How great his peril, hour by hour,
While every joy appeared to flower.
"Insist I must," he urged, "I pray
Take more to heart my words this day;
Guard well thy life at every turn;
My fears for thee no longer spurn,
Suspicion in me fierce doth burn.
Nine princes live for self alone;
My presence only doth atone
To multitudes for all the wrong
They bear; thy goodness makes thee strong.
Then live! dear King—to save this land;
Thou biding, it may yet withstand
Degeneration and that greed
Which bids the weak and poor to bleed.
Ambition honesty doth flout;
Aggression thrusts fair Justice out;
Authority, misused, each place
Invades, bestowing naught of grace.
While luxury and want now band
To sap all virtues in this land
Excesses melt its strength away,
And orgies night turn into day.
These evils would invade *our* state
If Death to Atlas ope'd his gate.
Then once again, dear cousin, friend,
Consoler, king, I suppliant bend;
Entreating for thyself all care,
Lest wicked hands thy life should dare
Assail. Physician to this court
Thou madest me. My life is nought;
An offering I would make of this
To save thine own—and count it bliss."

He paused, but kept his gaze intent
On Atlas who upon him bent
His calm brown eyes, while tender thought,
Responsive, some expression sought
That might anxiety allay—

Thus, rising now, "I will obey
Thy words," he smilingly replied,
"If aught befalls thou hast complied
In full, to contravene the fates;
Trust now that nothing ill awaits."

Can yet again these words returned—
"Thou art at last now frankly warned.
If heaven would smile upon this land
Thou as its ruler yet will stand;
But if thou die by recreant hand
'Twill prove the gods withdraw their grace,
'To hurl destruction on this place."
He towered as he spoke, ablaze
His eyes, with that prophetic gaze
Which Atlas oft has seen. He then—
"O Can, if thou art living when
I onward go, do thou protect
Dear Nalah and our bride-elect."

Deserted now the hall—but nay,
From silken folds there creeps away
A man whose raiment loosely worn,
And priestly head quite smoothly shorn,
Tell plainly he has lately come
From Sais—there his distant home—
Proud Sais where in centuries past
Atlantean sons their lot had cast,
To build and bring to high estate
A city populous and great.
This minion in Gadeirus' train
His favor at all costs must gain;
To give the words his ear had caught
He hastened now with weary thought
Of self reproach and shame,
For he must ever lurk and spy,
And shrink away from searching eye—
Nor did his master blame
The odious means he would have scorned
Had Virtue's torch within him burned.

To be continued.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

Continued from page 144.

The priest unto his master sped ;
While Can ascended flights that led
To where sweet Nalah spent her days
Rejoicing in the gladsome rays
Which shine while fickle Fortune stays.
By many portals Can went past
While thought profound his brow o'ercast ;
But now he paused, for on his ear
Fell voices musical and clear.
Then to himself,—“ 'T is often kind
To mask our looks with joy ; behind
'T his tranquil morn may come too fast
Events of sorrow that must blast
The happiness of those who here
Beguile the time with pleasures dear.”

To do whate'er his will ordained
This wise physician had attained ;
Thus now, light beaming on his face,
He onward went without a trace
Of anxious care which lurking deep,
From observation he would keep.
No servators forbade the way
To one familiar there each day,
But laid one hand upon their heart
With reverence, to thus impart
A wish to serve the honored guest,
And joy that he the household blessed
By coming every morn.
And as he passed that one and this,
All listened not a sound to miss
Of what was uttered by this lord

Who always gave a kindly word
And treated none with scorn;
For he had said: "The darkest skin
Hides not the radiance within."
To him all living creatures seemed
As one with him, thus warmly beamed
The love-light of this learned man
Who early in his life began
To weigh, to measure and explore
Great Nature's work thro' every door
That e'er so slightly stood ajar,
The near minute, the mazy far,
Unfathomable depths of space;
For ardently he wished to trace
The Will Supreme, Eternal Grace.
Anon he came where music flung
Its melodies, which lingering hung
A moment on the perfumed air
As if well pleased to tarry there
With happiness and beauty rare.
Can murmured low, "May Heaven forbid
'The dreadful thought within me hid
A presage be! O Lord of Death,
Spare yet to us our monarch's breath!"

Now every shadow from his brow
Was gone, as laughter sweet and low
Came floating where he stopped to gaze
Beyond a portal. Golden rays
Streamed in athwart the marble floor
Where traceries of costly ore
Beamed with the radiance from on high
Of him who rules the earthly sky.

Between great columns, onyx-hued,
The good physician passed and viewed
Broad terraces where nature smiled
And fancy was by art beguiled.
From lands afar the choicest flowers
Here blossomed in protected bowers;
And feathered songsters made their home,
As in the wilds whence they had come—
Brought thither by rich merchants who

As distant states they traveled thro',
 Collected all they deemed might swell
 The pile of gold they loved so well.

With joyous mien, beneath the trees
 Whose foliage murmured in the breeze,
 Some maidens sang, while others danced,
 To harmonies whose tones entranced
 The grateful ear, played as they were,
 By youths, attractive, stationed near—
 Soft harps and flutes, cither and lyre,
 Their voices mingled to inspire
 What buoyant step and dulcet strain
 Each beauteous maiden could attain—
 Allurements which the muses give
 That mortals may consent to live.

'T was Nalah first who saw the face
 Of Can, and bounding from her place
 With eager steps to greet him came,
 More slowly followed by a dame
 Whose whiter hue and sunny hair
 Proclaimed her of a kin more fair
 Than those of Nalah's race—
 Pelopa was of noble mould;
 Her heart would welcome to its fold
 What lofty aims great minds pursue—
 For she was beauteous, good and true,
 Endowed with every grace.
 But slender Nalah, like a bird
 Scarce lighted on the ground she trod;
 Not yet had deep emotions stirred
 The currents of her life, which flowed
 Unruffled with the magic boat
 By fickle Fortune set afloat—
 Too easily o'eturned by Fate
 Who, unrelenting, lies in wait.

On Can Pelopa fixed her gaze
 And smiling said, "With what amaze
 Our learned friend regards this scene,

Rebuking us with glances keen;
 He knows that we are quite sedate
 Each morn; not with affairs of state,
 But with our studies manifold:
 The motive of this change—behold!
 Our Nalah, who on this fair morn
 Arose with countenance forlorn;
 Her saddened brow, with gloom o'ercast,
 Our hearts invaded till at last
 No more could we endure.
 We, then, these pretty maids called forth
 With melody to waken mirth—
 Dark melancholy's cure."

Then Nalah cried, "Ah! naughty, thou,
 To tell about my shadowed brow;
 'T was but a trick of night!" she cried.
 "Not every dream may we deride,"
 Said Can, "Yet, Nalah need not fear
 A vision, be it dark or clear—
 Come, sit by me and tell the woe
 That did thy gaiety o'erthrow."
 Pelopa, then—"Play soft and low,
 Half dreamily, but not too slow,
 Lest Nalah's eyes obey,
 And bring again from Night's dull shore
 More phantoms thro' the sunlit door
 Of radiant, laughing day."

Now Nalah, Can, and that fair dame
 Whom Atlas for his bride would claim—
 (To care for Nalah first came she
 From famous Athens, o'er the sea)—
 Were seated 'mid the flowers;
 While maidens of the court, apart
 Reposing from their witching art,
 Reclined in verdant bowers.

On Can were bent the lustrous eyes
 Of Atlas' child in deep surmise,
 While tenderly her lips outpoured
 That dream her gentle heart deplored.

I thro' a portal seemed to peep,
 And there beheld the king asleep
 Upon his couch. 'Twas early dawn;
 The canopy was open drawn,
 And underneath a bird as white
 As snow upon the mountain height
 Was poised above my father's head
 And on him looked, its wings outspread.
 Then where it gazed another bird
 Came from the king's own breast and plumed
 Itself, as if to life just stirred;

To me it flew with wings illumed,
 Upon me gazed with tender love,
 And rising, disappeared above.
 The other flying to me came

And, light as air, upon my hand
 Reposed, while murmuring my name.

I sobbed, my heart could not withstand
 The touch, the voice; my bosom heaved

But sound came not, save from the bird
 That said, "My child, when art bereaved

Take comfort from my present word,
 I leave thee not alone—

Fate throws her shadow in thy way,
 But courage! for to thee I say

The future will atone.

The bird flew upward; I awoke.

Then on my agitation broke

A light—my mother 'twas who near

Me came; then on me dawned the fear

That he, the King, might yonder go,

And Nalah lonely stay below!"

"On this fair earth whose lofty skies

Remind us that we all must rise,"

Can added—and then pensive stayed.

At last! "Thou need'st not be dismayed;

All kings must yield to Nature's sway;

Each dies on his appointed day.

If sorrow comes, recall the love

Thy mother whispered from above."

This said, he spoke more cheerily,

Dispelling thus the tender shade
That Nalah's brow would yet invade—
"See yonder sails how merrily
Those fragile vessels skim the sea.
Enjoying here the freshening breeze
I can a page of ancient lore
About these placid zones read o'er
If this would our dear princess please."

The maiden smiled, "O let us hear
At once the story, cousin, dear."
Then he "Thou well may'st heed the words
That ancient legendary affords:
Know, then, divine Poseidon,
Whose love the beauteous Cleito won,
Was mortal born of womankind.
Defying angry seas and wind,
Naught fearing from the tempest wild,
The minds of many he beguiled
To follow in his train.
With valor he infused all breasts;
Adventurous seamen rode the crests
Of stormy waves, to cast their lot—
In hope of gain and daring plot—
With him upon the main.
Such, then, the man, a leader bold,
Who, in the legend worn and old,
Became an ocean god of might,
Successful force acquiring right.
On this fair land in those old times
Dwelt people from more southern climes
And these all willingly obeyed
A prince they had themselves arrayed
With full authority.
An only child his consort bore,
A daughter gods might well adore;
Her beauty Poseidon perceived,
And frankly she his love received
Without asperity.
Evenor and Leucippe died
Ere Cleito fair became a bride;
Thus Poseidon assumed command

Upon this friendly, bounteous land.
 To keep the treasure he possessed
 Safe guarded from unwelcome guest,
 The famous monarch of the main
 Sought isolation to attain,
 Surrounding Cleito's place of birth
 With zones of water and of earth ;
 These now we see, in later days
 Cut thro' by ample waterways.
 All this exists, the harbors, too,
 And channels where each day pass thro'
 The ships that, safe from raging storm,
 Upon these placid waters swarm.
 The many bridges spanning o'er
 Those zones and dykes, were built before
 'Tis reign, tho' much attractive art
 Of late is done, to still impart
 Fresh beauty to those works that stand
 Mementoes of a master hand.
 The verdant zones of other days,
 Cut thro' to form more watery ways,
 Are islands where large multitudes
 Now dwell. The din of life intrudes
 Upon the ear from every side
 From early dawn to eventide.
 So dense our population's grown,
 Increasing with our wide renown,
 At last we constantly transgress
 On foreign soil, but ne'ertheless
 Let hosts arrive within our gates—
 All thinking fortune here awaits.
 This dynasty has earned the name,
 Of Moc, the *fierce sea wolves*, who aim
 To all absorb, and feel no shame.
 But somewhere 'neath this palace lies
 A mystery in part revealed
 By lore ; the height it occupies
 Contains a vault long since concealed.
 If records be relied upon,
 The mortal form of Poseidon
 Was by this hero's oldest son
 There placed, preserved with perfect skill

From Time's corrupting touch. There still
It waits in marble's cold embrace
The hand that may disclose the face
Of Poseidon, adventurous chief—
Divine in popular belief."

Can ceased; but Nalah begged him yet
To speak. "Our princess may forget,"
Said he, "physicians must belong
To mortals weak, not to the strong."
With this, he lingered not but went,
His mind on consolation bent.

(To be continued.)

THE SEARCH FOR THE MASTERS.

By T. A.

Think not to find the Masters though thou seek
Through every Country, e'en from pole to pole,
And follow closely round where sun doth roll,
Scanning each face that looketh wise and meek,
Day after day, week after weary week.
Prepare thyself; make worthy thy own soul,
Then they, the Hidden Ones, will see thee shine,
And lift the veils that shroud their forms divine.
Until that time doth come ye search in vain;
For though one dwelt beside thy household door,
Aye, in thy very home for years a score,
And came and went in sunshine and in rain,
Thou wouldst not, couldst not know him great
Till thou thyself wert vibrant to his state.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

BOOK FIRST—PART SECOND.

(Continued from page 233.)

The orb of day rolled from its height
While those beneath its radiance bright
Had toiled or idled, laughed or groaned,
Believing life itself atoned
For every ill it could entail
And every pang that might assail.
Thus felt the great unthinking swarm,—
To suffer willing, if the form
They recognized as self alone,
They might still keep and call their own.
But if Death menacing appeared,
Beyond all else his face they feared.

Consoling Night floats o'er the deep
To bring the soothing balm of sleep.
A crescent like a golden boat
Bears Luna, pale in silvery hue;
It seems among the clouds to float,
And gliding down is lost to view.
The fragrant earth more softly breathes
When tranquil Night her brow enwreathes
With starry diadem whose glow
May dreams of happiness bestow.

But Maya city will pursue
 Her eager ways amidst a new
 Fictitious day; on every side
 Her lights are beaming to deride.
 The countless orbs set far above
 Where child of earth may never rove.

Of all the gay assemblies found
 Within that city, palace-crowned,
 None revelled in as pure delights
 As those enjoyed on Atlas' Heights;—
 What life could yield of joy and grace
 Was found in that enchanting place,
 Where justice, kindness, truth, prevailed,
 And hospitality regaled
 The good and learned in the land,
 The king's benevolent command
 Upheld the beautiful and grand
 In thought and deed, wherever found,
 That happiness might thence redound.

Thro' spacious halls where Can that morn
 Had been, a man whose head was shorn
 Now went, and furtive looks he cast,
 As if while silently he passed
 An enemy might sudden leap,
 Or stealthily upon him creep.
 To reach the chambers of that guest
 Who lately had on Atlas pressed

The suit of his own heir,
 The priest from Sais hastened now
 And mutely stood with lowly bow,
 His hands crossed humbly on his breast,
 Where Gadeirus was wooing rest,

His brow dark veiled with care.
 Half risen on his elbow he
 Reclined and brooded moodily;
 Nor stirred when thus before him came
 The man to whom he gave the name
 Zatlil (the Lost), thus minding him
 That never he might thwart the whim
 Of one who knew a certain act,

And could the penalty exact,
Entailing woe and dire disgrace
That future days could not efface.

A guilty mind and fear enslaved
The quaking wretch who pity craved
By attitude, by voice and look,
As one who constant scorn must brook.

"What now? O learned man and wise!"
His tyrant sneered—"To read mine eyes
Come nearer yet, and bend a knee,
'That we thy guilty face may see."

One knee upon the floor, Zatlil
Thus spake—"I seek to learn the will
Of him who ever, night and day,
May claim my services; and pray
Would learn if on this Sacred Height
Thy slave shall stay or, in thy sight
Go forth a follower in thy train.
If here thou biddest me remain,
What object strive I to attain?"

He paused. The scowling prince replied:
"My learned fool, hast thou complied
With what we bade this morn?"
"Yea, noble prince," the other said,
"Or not unto thy presence dread
Had come this soul forlorn
To own defeat. The fair one named
Hath been betrothed—so is it claimed,"
His voice sank lower yet, "The son
Of the physician is the one."

"Thou wilt here stay," the prince returned,—
These priests our offer have not spurned;—
The rites of Sais, they maintain,
Originated in this fane;
But they will listen and compare
With these, the forms prevailing there.
Anent thy duty paramount

Thou art apprised. We seek a fount
Where information we may find
With silent prudence close combined.
Begone! Approach us not until
A messenger make known our will."

Quite mute, one arm across his breast,
Arose the priest. On Atlas' guest
He dared to glance, and there could trace
Dark anger in the cruel face.
In deep humility he bent
His head and from that presence went.

In Atlas' hall of state the day
Seemed yet to glow, in lightning's ray,
Whose glare was softened and subdued
By shades translucent, opal-hued,
And shaped like flowerets of the field;
While all the fragrance these will yield
Was found in liquid sprays that fell
On many a tinted ocean shell

That lined the fountain-bed;—
A lovely spot wherein was caught
Art's finest touch; and joyous thought
Wooed every mind to Nature fair;
For every path that opened there
To new enchantment led.

The smiling guests were thronging now,
Their voices rippling soft and low
And blending with the rhythmic flow
Of cascades falling here and there
Like liquid gems in sunlit air.

Ambassadors from Sais, Troy,
And other distant states found joy
In such magnificence.
From Ind and China came the great
Invited into Atlas' gate;
The gifted sons of many lands
Were honored by his kind commands
And broad beneficence.

A noble potentate this man
 Who would all genius aid, to fan
 The ember to a steadfast light
 Which, like a beacon glowing bright,
 Might send its ray far o'er the deep
 Of human minds locked, not in sleep,
 But bound by Prejudice and Fear,—
 The monsters Ignorance doth rear.
 Philosopher and poet found
 Frank welcome on this sacred ground.
 Those versed in science, skilled in art
 Some added beauty must impart.

Auspicious the event that brought
 The gifted ones whom Atlas sought;
 Wit, grace, and beauty here combined
 To win the most fastidious mind.
 The white man's face showed naught of scorn
 For him more darkly shaded, born
 'Neath warmer skies. The rosy face,
 Or that like ivory old, or brown—
 These on each other cast no frown,
 Tho' Afric's curly-headed child,
 Of pouting lip and temper mild,
 As menial obeyed,
 Oppression herein had no part;
 Those black men, with a gentle heart
 Poor intellect betrayed;—
 And great in numbers on that land
 Were those, who toiled with ready hand.

The rich attire and gems displayed
 By those who now the hall surveyed
 Outrivalled e'en the colors fair
 Of lovely blossoms lavished there.
 The maidens whose cerulean eyes
 Were glorious as the summer skies,
 Looked not askance upon the face
 Of dusky hue, whose chiefest grace
 Lay in the sombre orbs, revealed
 Thro' silky fringe that scarce concealed
 The ardent passions quick to leap
 From out that dreamy, limpid deep.

In textures exquisite and rare
 Were robed the maids and matrons fair;
 More gaudily apparelled those
 From where the river Ganges flows,
 And where the Nile o'erruns its bank
 Until the earth lies cool and dank.
 Rich men from foreign lands had come
 With priceless jewels, worn at home;—
 Each mark of rank or badge of state
 Made simple minds with pride dilate.
 The court physician in this throng
 Was smiling as he passed along
 To where he found a resting place.
 Awaiting him with eager face
 There stood a youth of meagre frame,
 And countenance which seemed to blame
 The merriment and happy mood
 Of those who pleasure frankly wooed.

"Kadimo, rest beside me here,"
 Said Can, "and let me learn what fear
 Or other troublous thought of thine
 That brow doth mark with careworn line.
 For thou art gloomy as the night
 Relieved by not a ray of light;
 And I in friendship's name would ask
 Why melancholy now doth mask
 Thy face from day to day—
 Why turnest thou from all that's gay?—
 Confide in me, I pray."

Kadimo then—"No secret woe
 Have I, but much desire to know
 If man should steadfastly refrain
 From all frivolity and vain
 Pursuit of luxury and joy
 That from more earnest thoughts decoy.
 If he would keep his longings chained
 Would nobler powers be obtained?"
 No more said he, but slowly sighed,
 His elder pensively replied:
 "A weighty problem lies herein—

What acts may we condemn as sin?
Thro' ages man has pondered o'er
This question; still he stands before
Himself, unfathomed, on this earth
Which gives to countless millions birth.
Thy words imply that joy is wrong,
A weakness in this human throng.
A silly state to leave behind

To those of weaker mind.
Yet pause, reflect; great Nature smiles
Responsive to seductive wiles

That life of every kind
Bestows to keep intact the ring
That to and fro doth ever swing

In universal space.
Let fearless rapture fill thy soul;
Expand the heart; accept the dole
Of kindness and of grace.

When simple mortals such as thou
All impulse seek to disavow
They lose their way; for passion's force
Is virtue in its devious course.
Is Nature always lulled and still?
As part of her, man ever will
His days with calm and unrest fill.
Be not misled by wild caprice,
Or thou wilt sacrifice the peace
Rewarding those who do not stray
Too far beyond wise Nature's way;
Transgress her limits, and Despair
Will drive thee to his gloomy lair:
Reject her guidance—soon wilt thou
Find only shadows on her brow.
But see! The king is drawing near;
No longer may we tarry here."

To be continued.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 290.)

One voice within those halls rose high
And ventured boldly to decry
In comments droll the ways of those
Who near him came, their looks and clothes,
All things would he deride;
Not sparing any, high or low,
His wit poured out a ceaseless flow;
And none rebuked the favored Chom,
For here the buffoon was at home;—
To mortals ever dear is he
Who wakens their hilarity;—
And scathing truths told he in rimes
That had the sound of silvery chimes
For all save those who keenly felt
The pitiless rebukes he dealt

Gadeirus stayed beyond his reach
Avoiding that too caustic speech.
But both now moved to face the king,
And to him Chom came whispering,—
“Not for *thy* son is she!”

Between his teeth Gadeirus breathed
An awful curse; his anger seethed,
But not a word said he.

Expectant every eye was turned
Upon a golden orb that burned
With ardent glow and gently swayed
Within an arch where stood arrayed
In regal pomp the monarch famed
For virtues, Great and Good surnamed.
To welcome now their king beloved

His happy guests all forward moved,
Each eager for a word or glance
If such might be his pleasant chance.
And Nalah, too, was here,
In raiment that the forest elves—
Had they but drawn anear—
Might well have envied for themselves
At fairy queen's festivity,
So daintily enchanting she.

But soon the king himself withdrew
Beyond the arch, that all might view
The scene of his betrothal rite,
For which on this auspicious night
The favored ones had summoned been,
To welcome Atlas' promised queen.
Alone, three steps he now ascended
And, while his way he slowly wended,
The brilliancy of every light
Was dimmed, as when approaching Night
Her veil spreads slowly o'er the face
Of earth, bestowing softer grace.
So now the hush of twilight gray
Fell over all and silent lay.
A moment yet and every gaze
Was turned with pleasure and amaze.
Pelopa, there, in radiant white,
Illumined by a rosy light,
Was seated by the king, arrayed
In splendor rarely thus displayed.
A golden tripod standing near
Upheld a basket green and clear
Of precious jadeite, wrought with art
Most cunningly in every part.
Within that basket fruits were seen
Of flavors choice, but in between
Were some that fancy would not meet,
For bitterness lurked in the sweet.
The quince was such a one, and now,
In token of their earnest vow,
Those two, together, one consumed

To plight their troth; for love was doomed,
 As mortal never failed to find—
 To have its happiness combined
 With something of the acrid taste
 Misunderstanding might in haste

Be ready to bestow.

'T was Atlas cut the fruit; the fair
 Pelopa gave to him his share—

Her beauteous face aglow.

Musicians numbering many a score
 Sweet melodies began to pour

Upon the perfumed air—

From harp, cithara, tambourine—
 Whose pleasing harmonies might wean

All minds from saddening care.

The double pipes, soft flutes, and bells,
 Attuned to weave their magic spells
 Within that most enchanting place
 Adorned by art and nature's grace.
 The treasures that the earth could yield
 From mines profound and flowering field;
 Rare objects from the vasty deep
 Where countless ships have sunk to sleep,
 Herein were found so well arrayed
 On every side the eye surveyed
 That each was rapturously praised
 By guests who lingered where they gazed
 Great Atlas and the lovely dame
 Their quince had eaten, and her name
 Rang on the air in loud acclaim—

"Pelopa! we our homage bring—

Long live the consort of our king!"

Her hand he clasped, then he and she
 Came forth where princes bent the knee
 To beauty's thrall most willingly.

Gadeirus, silent where he stood
 Observant, masked his sullen mood;

His homage being given, he bent

His gaze on Nalah as she went.

Now here, now there, with smiles she glanced;
 But anger from his brow was lanced

When she, with radiance in her eyes—
Such from the heart alone can rise—
Gave joyous welcome to a guest
Whose ardent looks his love confessed
While eagerly he forward pressed.
Itzat, who filled her heart, had come,
And happiness made Nalah dumb.

But Can his pleasures thus made known :
“Propitious winds have homeward blown
My son in this auspicious hour,
While joy and beauty round us flower
On every hand ; thy absence long
Hath been ; thrice welcome in this throng
Art thou. But come, belated guest,
To greet our queen, Pelopa, lest
She soon withdraw,” he said, and they
Together bent their steps that way,
The princess and that handsome youth
Who, now Gadeirus saw in truth
Was dear to her—and as they went
Fell hatred to the youth he sent.

The voice of Chom rang thro’ the hall :
“A fool is useful here to bawl ;
Gay dancers soon will do their best
To steal from you the hours of rest.
Pray find your ease on cushioned seats,
And hear the music’s measured beats ;
For yonder arch a rare surprise
Will now reveal to wakeful eyes.”

All turned to see the ample space
Concealed by veil of silvern lace ;
This, as by touch of unseen fay
Transparent grew, and then away
It floated, upward, like a cloud,
While distant music swelled more loud,
And dancers trooped upon the scene,
To voice the praises of the queen
In rhythmic cadence soft and low

Like murmuring zephyrs when they blow
So gently that the humming-bird
From flower sipping may be heard.

A scene of loveliness now grew,
Unfolding an enchanting view
Of dancers from each distant land
Where Atlas held his wise command;
Displaying graces they'd acquired,
And in their countries much admired.
Their supple limbs of ivory white,
Or brown, or red, gleamed in the light
Of varied shades, each chosen well
To cast a tint that would dispel
All harshness from the color maze
Of gaudy stuffs and brilliant rays.

When fraught with sadness, time is long,
But all too brief when pleasures throng;
And over swift the hours had sped,
Young Nalah thought, when Atlas led
Pelopa from the mirthful Chom
Who bade the fair one hasten home
To find repose ere daylight come;
And to the daughter of his king
Said: "What a very foolish thing
To flout the sleep of youth;
Forego the night's refreshing slumber
For flatteries that far outnumber
The words of simple truth."

But she was smiling with content;
For Itzat, whom she loved had spent
The fleeting moments at her side;
So unto Chom she thus replied:
"In dreamland tears are sometimes found,
While vigil may by joy be crowned."

The moon alone lights up the floor
Of gleaming onyx, scattered o'er
With blossoms plucked to fade and die,

'Mid fallen jewels left to lie
With stains of wine and lucious fruit
Crushed by a maiden's sandaled foot
Perchance, or by a prince whose stride
Betokened empty-headed pride.
A priest whose drooping head was shorn,
Beyond the moonrays sat to mourn
The past; to taste regret and hate,
That passing years might not abate.
As every object round him there
Distinct became and yet more clear,
One sculptured face his vision bound
In admiration most profound,
Remorse from every feature stared
At him—he saw his own soul bared,
And gazed until his senses reeled
At what before him stood revealed
That agony of awful woe
And vain regrets that never go,
But smother hope—like weeds that shade
A blossom sweet within a glade—
Within the heart of him who dares
Some horrid crime commit, or shares
Such guilt with one who holds him fast
In craven terror of the past.
The shorn priest moaned, "The one," he said,
"Who fashioned this perchance is dead,
But he hath shown what I endure—
And death alone such ills may cure."
Now rising, he had turned away
When at his feet an object lay
Which, stooping, he rejoiced to see,
And caught it up most eagerly.
"A lucky impulse surely led
My steps unto this spot," he said;
"The gentle child he schemes to win
For Lobil, who in heartless sin
Outstrips Gadeirus, tho' he be
My unrelenting enemy,
This trinket wore with joy to-night,
But nevermore may it bedight

Her slender form. To play the thief
Was I enjoined, and this relief
Is balm within my troubled breast,
Since my tormentor's mad request
For bauble by the maiden worn
I'll gratify at early morn.
Approaching voices caught his ear
Of men and women drawing near;
And lights beyond the portal shone;
He soon would be no more alone.
With silent stealth he sped to hide
In one of those recesses wide
Beneath a broad and easy couch,
Where unsuspected he might crouch.

'Twas Nalah and her Theban maid
Who, entering, unto some one said,
"Illumine everywhere the floor
That we may carefully explore,"
Her mistress then, "Tanatis, stay
Till I have spoken, then obey.
A bauble on this marble lies,
An ornament that pleased mine eyes,
A rose whose petals of pure white
Are wrought in colorless jadeite,
While glistening gems attached thereon
Seem dew-drops lighted by the sun.
Search well! A rich reward shall be
For whom this rose restores to me."
To search the maids and men began;
This way and that all eager ran;
Each sparkling stone that met the eye
Called forth a glad expectant cry.
But when the floor at last was bare,
Not one small thing remaining there,
The Theban knelt by Nalah's side—
"Dear Lady, naught thy servants hide;
Behold the gems that have been found,
By guests let fall upon the ground;
But thine, O Princess, where seek next?
My heart is heavy and perplexed—"

The princess here broke in:—
 "Enough! Full well I know thee true—
 By daylight thou wilt seek anew;
 Be't thou, or any one of these,
 The finder will his princess please,
 And recompense will win."
 Ere long the footsteps died away
 And shadows wan resumed their sway.
 Forth came Zatlil and sadly stood
 Near by where he had sat to brood;
 And thus his troubled thoughts ran on:
 "Ah, lovely child! 'tis hard, indeed,
 To keep thy gem. His precious stone
 The gods have sent to fill my need;
 Yet had the princess come alone
 I had not heard her soft voice plead
 In vain—my resolution gone,
 I should by her have been undone,
 Restored the gem, and thus have gained
 Her gratitude which, thus attained,
 Perchance might prove a trusty shield
 In future plight, yet unrevealed.
 A slave I am and slave must die!
 In vain my weary soul doth cry
 Aloud for freedom from the thrall
 Of chains that ever fret and gall.
 For morn I will not wait! The bliss
 Of tranquil sleep I will not miss
 By pondering through the night on this."
 Gadeirus in his chamber lay
 And mused. Attendants barred the way;
 But Zatlil—"I am here to bring
 An object precious to my king."
 And soon before his lord he bent
 To offer what the gods had sent.
 No word spake he until, "Come near,"
 His tyrant said, "and in my ear
 Let fall few words to make it plain
 How we this pretty toy thus gain."

To be continued.

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A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

By ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from vol. 9, page 371.)

BOOK SECOND.

PART I.

Zatlil, one knee upon the ground,
Replied, "Within the hall 'twas found.
A certain youth this night returned,
Bestowed it where it was not spurned;
These eyes beheld." With fierce delight
The orbs of Gadeirus were bright.
A moment brief he gazed, then hid
The gem-set rose, and turned to bid
The priest, in tones that reached all there,
Regard him grateful for the care
Which had unto his hands restored
The gem whose loss he had deplored.
"My heir by this," he mused, "may prove
That Nalah hath not scorned his love."

But Nalah sad and sleepless lay
Awaiting eagerly the day,
Till Nature pressed the soft lids down
And smoothed away the childish frown.

Awake! Awake! The mighty one
Triumphant hath his course begun;
Arise! Receive the light that he
Bestows upon the land and sea—
The watchmen sang again
As back to earth came lovely dawn,
While fishermen their oars had drawn
To float upon the main.

Where vessels tranquil shelter found
Within those zones, or belts of ground,
Rich merchandise awaited, hid

Beneath each bound and massive lid—
 The brawny arms that in the day
 Would place them on the watery way,
 In hold of vessels small or great,
 Whose flags, of near or distant state,
 Now fluttered in the early gleam
 Of mighty Sol's resplendent beam.
 Here to and fro with heavy tread
 Moved elephants, to labor bred,
 From dawn till dark amid the broil
 And ceaseless din of man's turmoil;
 Urged, if they lagged, by cruel thrust
 Of goads that never gathered rust;
 And with them worked a giant race
 Whose features nothing had of grace—
 A people numerous in the past,
 Become a small and humbled caste.

An empty chest was sudden raised
 By one of those big men; amazed
 He looked when out there fell a waif
 Who thought he had a shelter safe;
 A slender lad, few summers' old
 Of aspect frank, yet not too bold.
 There sleeping he had spent the night,
 And still slept on when came the light,
 Till roughly tumbled from his nook.
 He rose and from his tatters shook
 The dust, then rubbed his eyes,
 And cried, "Alas! my cakes are lost,
 Upon the dirty ground they're tost;
 And hungry I went yesterday
 To eat these while I found my way,
 Soon as the sun would rise,
 To where the chariots are to speed;
 Now must I linger here to plead
 For charity, to serve my need."
 But as he thus bewailed, "Away!"
 A burly fellow said—"Nay, nay,"
 The giant gave retort,
 "There's food abundant in this place,—
 Some bigger game thou'lt have to chase."

More words were crossed between the two;
But now another worker grew
Provoked, and thus cut short
Dispute,—“Be off! No place is this
For brats, and thou wilt surely miss
The chariot race.” He harshly thrust
Away the lad who in the dust,
Poor feeble child! now fell again
Among the elephants, and men
Who pulled him up and bade him know
That he away must quickly go.

Rejected by the hardy mob,
The lonely waif began to sob
And seek a place wherein to hide;
But Pepen's face came close beside
His own, her hand outstretched, “Take some
Of mine, poor boy! and with me come
To see the show; I know the way.”
Her smile was like a sunny ray
As thus she tendered him a share
Of all she had, but meagre fare
For one alone; yet as they ate
Appeared a sorry cur whose fate
Sharp bones betrayed; to it they gave
A portion too; and last, to save
A bird from hunger pangs they still
Spared crumbs (that by the parent bill
Were quickly thrust into its throat
To stop her birdling's clamorous note)—
“For Oh!” said they, “we know it pains
When hunger with us long remains.”

Now hand in hand, on pleasure bent,
Both prattled freely as they went
Thro' crowded streets; at last they run
To see the chariot race begun.

The guerdon of the race would be
A gift from Atlas, coursers three,
Of breed renowned and wondrous speed,

For him who at the close would lead.
From Athens, Panus came to chance
His fortune under Atlas' glance;
And Chel, Atlantean from his birth,
His adversary, wholly worth
The admiration of the host,
Of victories glorious could boast.
To gratify Pelopa fair
Athenians on this day would share
The contest for the highest stake
A charioteer might hope to take.

To one the race must bring defeat,
While acclamations loud would greet
The victor just before. But Chel
So famous was, that to excel
His art none ever dared to hope;
To venture with him now to cope,
Was proof of courage, strength, and skill
That grander feats might soon fulfil,—
Pelopa mused,—but nothing said,
Embowered with blossoms white and red,
Surrounded by a brilliant court
Of women beautiful and men
Made worthy by the deeds they'd wrought.
Here too, Atlantean rulers, ten,
First places held around the dame
Whom Atlas was rejoiced to claim.

Upon this happy gala day
Great Maya city made display
Of splendor that amazed a host
Of guests here come from distant coast.
The great and noble, rich and good,
Were massed by thousands, many stood
Where seats no longer might be found,
To watch the charioteers renowned;
While, closing in the spacious course,—
Save where the guards, arrayed in force,
Approaches disencumbered kept,—
The populace on all sides slept
And, struggling for a foremost place

On feeble ones bestowed no grace.
'T was here that Pepen, homeless child,
With Cho the waif, two creatures wild,
Had struggled in amidst the crowd,
Despite vociferations loud.

As now the clarion tones forth rung
Wide open were the barriers flung.
Two masters of the daring art
A signal waited to depart.
Loud acclamations fill the air,
While eager hoofs must stay just where
A line is drawn across the track,
That perfect justice may not lack.
In check the noble steeds were held ;
And pawed the earth as all beheld.

Each yoke and band of perfect ease
And little weight, was made to please
The most fastidious taste,
With studs of ivory and of gold
Each portion in its place to hold—
Adornments rare and chaste.
Thro' rings of orichalcum red
The soft and pliant reins were led.
The chariots too were richly decked ;
With brilliant settings gaily flecked.
Black ebony and silver made
A pleasing contrast there inlaid,
With gold and ivory smooth combined,
By skill and rarest art designed.

And now a glistening, perfumed spray
From fountain jets began to play ;
A signal this, and silence fell ;
Then on the hush a ruddy bell
Gave forth its great and wondrous sound,
While restive horses pawed the ground.
One tone was heard, so full and clear
The gods might well have drawn anear.
Once, twice again, that bell was swung,—
Vibrating to the heavens it rung.

The men within their chariots stood
Like statues carved of stone or wood,
Two noble forms in strength and grace,
Well matched for contest in a race.
Erect, with whip and reins in hand
Awaited they the last command
To start. It comes—that wondrous sound!
The steeds that instant spurn the ground.
At once the multitudes begin
To cry aloud, “Chel, Chel must win!”
His heart with joyous pride expands
As firm he holds the checking bands
And murmurs, “Steady! four times round
We go to-day, for conquest bound.”
Three bays and one of purest white
Respond to him by swifter flight.

But Panus, too, with ardent speed
Is borne by coursers quick to heed
His voice and rein, as if possessed
With hope of triumph in this test.
As side by side the shining wheels
Now flash, each rapt beholder feels
That Chel may not with ease prevail,
And must invoke on this great day
His finest skill, lest plaudits fail
To wait on him, and slip away
To one of foreign birth.
So close the cars together keep,
If Panus may not victory reap
Those who have scorned him will not dare—
His partisans aloud declare—
To question more his worth.
But they who close observe may see
That Panus holds the reins quite free
While Chel restrains his ardent steeds,
Indifferent if Panus leads
Thus early in the chase.
From tender youth bred in the course
He knows what pace allows the force
To play, but not to spend the strength
That needs reserving, if at length

It is to win the race.
 A moment of increasing speed,
 And Chel, the favorite, takes the lead,
 While Panus, keeping very near,
 Is startled by the mighty cheer
 Of that vast multitude.
 But Athens not so soon is quelled;
 If Fortune may not be compelled
 To grant the dole for which he sighs,
 Undaunted in his bold emprise,
 Ambition deep imbued
 Will drive him close upon the heels
 Of him who stands between those wheels
 As smiling and as full of ease
 As a shepherd under shady trees.
 The midway point is reached; the curve
 The chariots sweep abreast, nor swerve
 This way or that, but swift and straight
 Speed on to reach the starting gate.
 No threat'ning lash has yet been heard;
 These noble steeds obey the word.
 Once round the course they now have run.
 By horse's length alone outdone,
 Brave Panus dares to hope:—
 For none can tell what chance may bring,
 Ere wide the gates of victory swing,—
 By sudden and undreamed-of plight,—
 Thus Panus thinks with keen delight
 And onward flies, to cope
 With him who able is to boast
 That he no race hath ever lost.

The thousands who admiring gaze
 Scarce wager dare, for with amaze
 They mark that now one forward flies
 And now the other. All surmise;
 But they who closer watch the game
 Observe that he of greater fame
 From time to time the rein draws tight,
 While Panus ever spurs the flight.
 As Chel thus tricks the vulgar eye
 The more discerning ones descry

The wisdom of his plan.
The youth contesting for the day
His coursers never dares to stay,
Restraining not their rapid pace—
So eager he to win the race—
Their fire he still would fan.

A second time the curve is made,
Nor is the homeward stretch delayed.
As by the umpires on they dart
From orichalcum bell now part
Two strokes, a full and perfect sound—
To make all know that twice around
The chariots yet must swiftly spin
Ere either one the victory win.

A maze of colors sets aglow
The spacious theatre; row on row
Appears of bright and rich array,—
The crowd decked out for holiday.
By rich and poor, by old and young
All graver thoughts behind are flung;
They watch the spectacle, content
To fill the hour with merriment:—
Their voices babble on the while
Those coursers all their looks beguile.
The dappled grays by Panus reined
On other tracks have prizes gained,
And never course so level laid
As this by Atlas ordered made,—
They tell; and now from steeds divert
Their gaze to charioteer alert.

How confident he still appears!
But Chel the turn before him nears.
'T is now that on the homeward run
The race at last is well begun.
The bays and white are fresh and fleet;
They lead. Their driver takes his seat,
While Panus, shaking whip and reins
O'er sweeping tails and flowing manes,
Would urge his steeds to wilder flight.

On, on they go with all their might.
He shouts persuasion; overhead
 Now flourishes the lash, but deals
No stroke to vex the thoroughbred
 That docile eagerness reveals.

“He gains! he gains! his horses fly!”
He overtakes and passes by
 The steeds of famous Chel.
Then, “Bravo! bravo!” loud acclaim
The people all—“He’ll win the game!”
But Chel, as smilingly he sits,—
“Aha! my beauties! glory flits—
 Another tale we’ll tell.”

Now rising to his feet, the reins
He shakes above the rippling manes.
His horses forward with a bound
Now leap; like wind they spurn the ground.
As now the bell rings out one stroke
The browns and grays are yoke by yoke.

The voices of the multitude
Are hushed, and converse when renewed
Dwells only on the scene below,
Where every eye is bent aglow.
No longer Chel defies the grays,
 Nor sits him down to take his ease;
And if his iron grip delays
 The pace, while onward Panus flees,
He knows delay is sometimes gain—
Protracted efforts surely drain
The strength. Does Panus check his speed?
Nay! Chel is gaining on his lead—
Once more eight horses run abreast
A moment brief. Now onward pressed
By word of Chel, his steeds attain
To lightning speed and swiftly gain
The curve that, thrice already passed,
Confronts the heroes for a last
And close-contested goalward run,
Ere triumph can be fully won.

Chel to the left doth easy sway ;
 His steeds, urged to the right, obey ;
 While Panus follows on, behind
 A chariot's length, the curve to wind.
 Strive as he will with might and main
 To overtake the bays again,
 He plainly sees, and looking grieves,
 That all his effort only leaves
 His coursers only further back
 From Chel, who now, with reins more slack,
 Flies on before with steady dash,
 Nor even threatens with the lash.

But he behind the grays reflects—
 "Sometimes the issue man expects

Is swept aside by fate:

Our efforts we will not relax ;
 These noble creatures we may tax
 To conquer in the daring game,
 And honor bring to Athens' name—
 If Fortune on us wait."

His steeds attain a swifter pace ;
 But still between those two the space
 Yet wider grows. The wheels, each one,
 A disk seems, gleaming like the sun,
 Unseen their spokes—so swift they run.

To beauty's eye and kingly gaze
 Bold Victory's torch looked all ablaze
 For Chel. But lo! a little way
 And hearts are throbbing with dismay!
 The strap that held his trace-mates bound
 Is loosened. Quickly to the ground
 Chel leaps, and deftly sets in place
 The buckle that had slipped its trace.
 But swifter than the eagle's flight
 Sweeps Panus down upon his right.
 And Chel must every muscle strain
 Ere he those seconds lost regain.

Loud ring the voices—"Haste thee, Chel!"
 But Panus to himself,—"'Tis well!—
 If Fortune beam upon our way

For Athens yet we'll win the day!"
 His coursers, urged with vigorous lash,
 Would rival e'en the lightning flash.

Chel shouts—"Now, now! as ne'er before
 Strive we a victory to score!"
 He shakes the whip and slacks the reins.
 Responsive, every horse now strains.
 "Oh! Lemba! Bokil! Halal! Ek!—
 Our triumph who shall dare to check?
 Fly! fly! my beauties, close we come
 To victory and to rest at home."
 Thus he, while every dainty limb
 Above the earth now seems to swim.
 "On! on! one little effort more
 And we again shall pass before
 To enter in the gate.
 Haste! haste! my treasures, ye alone
 The glory of this day must own
 Within great Atlas' state"—
 He cries; and they with his desire
 Inflamed anew, would yet acquire
 The impetus of rushing gale
 That over sea drives every sail.
 They hear his voice in fond address
 And faster to the goal they press
 Incited thus by Chel, inspired
 To do his will; unduly fired—
 They strive with all their might;
 For Panus close upon their tracks,
 Is scourging now the reeking backs
 Of dappled grays, who snorting breathe,
 While from their rounded bellies wreath
 Thick clouds of milky white.

So well assured, so close, now seems
 Chel's victory, his visage beams.
 Ah! charioteer, thou soon must know
 That Fortune shatters at a blow
 The hopes of those who soon or late
 She leaves consigned to frowning Fate.
 As on he flies in full career,

Down falls the mantle grey and drear
 Of ugly, sorrowful defeat;
 And Chel no longer can compete.
 His favorite steed, like ivory pale,
 Lies underneath the shaft; the bays
 Upon their haunches reared, exhale
 Hot mist; their starting eyeballs blaze;—
 While Panus, now exultant, flies
 To seize the unexpected prize
 Of triumph 'neath Atlantean skies.

Naught feels that other charioteer
 Beyond the sudden, awful fear,
 That Death may take the treasured one
 Who near to Death for him would run.
 Thus he who makes too much endeavor
 The thread of victory may sever.
 To earth leaps Chel and bends a knee,
 The face of Lemba close to see—
 Ah! joy! he lives, he moves;
 His nostrils quiver, dyeing red
 The sanded track; tho' over-spied
 He struggles up, when touched by him,
 Quite sound in every dainty limb,
 As Chel rejoicing proves.
 Then rises to his feet content,
 While acclamations loud are sent
 Upon the air, and trumpets sound
 Their blasts for Panus, victor crowned.

'T were hard to say who joys the most—
 The one applauded by that host,
 Or Chel whose voice rings with the rest
 While gently stroking Lemba's breast.
 Glad Panus beamed beneath the ray
 Of victory; Chel's kind heart was gay
 To know his Lemba yet could race,
 And this disaster quite efface.

To be continued.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 57.)

BOOK SECOND.

PART I.

At Chel's defeat Pelopa's eyes
Permitted pearly drops to rise;
But Atlas thus to her, and smiled,
"Not only is the king beguiled;
His coursers are by Athens won,
And proud Atlantis is outdone."

The populace some hours had spent
Well pleased; now homeward as they went
'T was Cho, the waif, so frail and small,
On whom misfortune had to fall.
His weary, dusty little feet
Were pleading with him for a seat.
By Pepen lost he now contrived
To clamber up and steal a ride
Behind an ample, stately coach;
For he would now again approach
Familiar haunts where he might roam—
Poor lonely lad without a home!
With Pepen who would share his woe
Together they could seeking go;—

For surely they must meet,
He thought—when lo! there in the crowd
Her face appeared. He called aloud.
She looked for him on every side
And, heedless of what might betide,
He dropped into the street.
Prostrate he fell and stunned there lay.
A horseman speeding on his way
The danger saw, and strove in vain,
Thus suddenly, to quite restrain
His horse's hoof; this struck Cho's head,

And Kadimo believed him dead.
 His steed he backed ; leaped down and took
 The boy within his arms ; one look
 He gave, then sprang again to horse
 And followed on his former course.

The pretty Pepen ran to see
 Who might the little victim be ;
 At once she knew unconscious Cho
 When he was raised by Kadimo.
 Away she flew, almost as light
 As winged *pepen* in its flight,
 To keep that horse in view ;—
 She never would desert him so !
 Where he was carried she must go,—
 These devious ways she knew.

The horse beyond her sight has passed
 By turning, but she comes at last
 Where it again appears, and sees
 It just within a gate where trees,
 Arrayed in crimson blossoms, guide
 Her feet. The child before a wide
 And lofty arch awaits and looks
 Till one who no intrusion brooks—
 “What now? Be off from here!”
 “I’m Pepen ; Cho belongs to me ;
 He’s hurt, and I have come to see
 If I may help, and by him stay.”
 The eager looks and words betray
 Her tenderness and fear.

Asylums numerous were found
 Within that realm, and soon the wound
 Of this poor waif was deftly bound
 By skilful hands. Then Kadimo—
 “Good lad! Thy name now let us know.”
 The child, half famished, near to faint,
 Was overawed, and breathed no plaint.
 But readily he found his speech
 In language that was quick to reach
 The student’s kindly breast ;
 His early youth had felt the weight

Of woe; now favored by the great
 He comforted the least.
 "They call me Cho. A homeless lad
 Am I, but always free and glad.
 My life is gay out in the street,
 And there I often find to eat
 Nice bits of food, like those whose name
 Was given to me when first I came
 To find a hole wherein to lie
 When rain came pouring from the sky;
 Or where to hide and sleep at night
 Till morning made the streets alight."

The gentle girl returned each day,
 In tears because she might not stay
 To minister to Cho.
 Untamed and homeless both were sent
 Where time might not be vainly spent—
 Thus planned good Kadimo.
 Restraint nor boy nor girl would brook,
 And soon their shelter both forsook.
 To face that wild, uncertain life,
 Amid old scenes of toil and strife.
 In city streets where millions surge—
 A mass of forms that ever merge,
 Tho' each an atom separate,
 In space afloat, to meet its fate.
 But all events their sequence bring
 And time upon its path will fling
 The waif once more to Kadimo,
 Whose goodness he will further know.

BOOK SECOND.

PART II.

Half spent the day when on the height
 Of Poseidon, observed a rite
 The princes ten;—not as of old,
 When all the populace made bold
 To tell their wrongs and find redress
 Against who would the laws transgress—
 But indolent and at their ease,
 While priests of humble rank would please

Comply with duties which of yore
 Pertained to those who sceptres wore:—
 To chase and slay a temple bull
 By other hands, they deemed a full
 Compliance with the ancient hest
 That princely hands must kill the beast.

This temple on the Sacred Hill
 Had taxed the labor and the skill
 Of many hands; the able son
 Completing what the sire begun.
 'T was legend that upon this spot
 Fair Cleito's offspring were begot;
 Here, therefore, sacredly revered,
 A temple, walled with gold, appeared;
 And every year in portions ten
 First fruits were brought by holy men
 Who, hither by the princes sent,
 Performed an ancient sacrament,
 Petitioning the grace of Heaven
 For what the rulers now had given.
 Men gladly hug the silly thought
 That favors may from gods be bought;
 That pleading mortals can beguile
 The WILL OMNIPOTENT to smile.

Here stood the temple dedicate
 To that great founder of the state,—
 Its pinnacles of gold were made,
 With tusks of ivory all arrayed,
 To form the bold and fair design
 Of symbols honored as divine.
 The arching roof within was faced
 With ivory too, yet further graced
 By orichalcum's flashing red,
 With gold and silver mingled thread.
 The walls, the pillars, and the floor.
 Gleamed brilliant with the ruddy ore
 Whose lustre paled the massive gold
 Wrought statues of the kind of old,
 Here placed; and in their midst the Sire:—
 Of such a height as to aspire
 Almost unto the roof

He stood, a man of mighty deeds;
 Superb behind six winged steeds;
 Safe poised on golden hoof.
 A hundred nereids near around
 On dolphins' glossy backs were found.
 Around the outer walls were seen
 The first ten kings, with each his queen,
 In full-sized images of gold—
 These heirs of Poseidon the bold.

The spacious grove wherein the fane
 Arose, was ever to remain
 A precinct where might rove at will
 The bulls Atlantean kings should kill,—
 Each year but one, upon a day
 When every beast might fear to stay,
 All striving to escape; beset
 Until their hunters one would get
 And lead to sacrifice:—
 Within those hallowed walls its life
 Must end without the stroke of knife,—
 Struck down by one resistless blow,
 And burnt till ashes only show,—
 In smoke would it arise.

Th' Atlantean kings have made their way
 To that most sacred fane to pray,
 The while some young and hardy priest
 With noose and stave will catch the beast.
 The creature soon is snared and led
 To where the pillar shining red
 In days of old was reared to bear
 Such laws as never prince might dare
 To break. The sacrificer stands
 Prepared. King Atlas now commands
 The blow be struck upon its head
 Which leaves the cumbrous being dead;
 Slain close beside the column's base,
 Felled where it stood, by heavy mace.

From severed limbs, enwrapped by fire,
 The sacrificial steams aspire,
 While now from prince to prince is passed

A goblet into which is cast
Hot blood from out the slaughtered bull,
To mingle with the goblet-full
Of nectar kept for holy use.
A portion of this precious juice
In smaller cups of gold is turned;
And as the offering there is burned
The monarchs this libation spill
Upon the fire, and swear they will
Judge ever faithfully and true,
According to the laws in view,
Inscribed in very ancient days
By they who lived in Wisdom's rays.
Now each the chalice to his lip
Must press, the crimson nectar sip
Till all its contents shall be quaffed
While prayers and vows may heavenward waft.

With fading day the fire burns low,
And lighted by its lurid glow
The rulers of Atlantis great
Conceal their dress of princely state
Beneath loose robes of azure blue—
(Deep meditation's holy hue).
Now humbly on that sacred ground
The potentates are seated round
The dying embers, whence are borne
On high the vows thus near it sworn.

Upon that spot long, long ago,
Just princes sat to learn the woe
Of subjects who would here repair
To seek redress 'gainst who might dare
Infringe their rights:—Without delay
Were all adjudged, ere break of day.
And every sentence was impressed
On golden tablets that would rest
Memorials of the justice done
Within the fane of Poseidon.
The sentences thus writ in gold
Were wrapped within the azure fold
Of robes worn only on that night,
And guarded on the Sacred Height.

But time, forever on the wing,
Its changes never fails to bring:—
'T is Atlas who would yet maintain
Observance in the hallowed fane;
The noble precepts on the shaft
Upon their minds would he ingraft.
On orichalcum's ruddy face
These ancient maxims had a place:—
"In service love is best exprest.—
From toil is won the sweetest rest.—
Thy hand in pity may alight,
Or deal destruction and affright.—
Thy tongue may consolation bring
Or like a poisoned dart may sting.—
Think well! Each word, each act, must live,
And joy to thee or sorrow give.—
If thou would'st merit *Pleasure's best*,
From deprivation borrow zest.—
Thy wrath subdue, for if it rise
All right and reason it denies."

And to the rulers of that land
Great Poseidon left this command:—
No king within this realm shall break
The calm of peace, nor weapon take
Against a brother prince, but all
Must hasten to avert the fall
Of one defied by foreign foe
Who might the dynasty o'erthrow.
Together let the ten debate
On war and all affairs of state;
But that which Atlas right may deem,
All must obey; he rules supreme."
The crimson sun far in the west
Reposes on the ocean's breast;
Amid the clouds of splendid hue
It sinks and wholly fades from view.
Above the earth glides peaceful night
To gem the heavens with starry light.
Now azure robes are given o'er
To priests who guard them as before.

Gadeirus to the king bends low—
 "Our duties bid us homeward go.
 Too brief has been this happy day,—
 Return we must without delay
 Unto our own rebellious realm,
 Its turbulence to overwhelm.
 Night's guardian lifts her beaming face,
 And ere bright Dawn her path retrace
 We'll enter thro' our palace gate
 To learn what tidings may await;—
 Return we will with joy, to see
 Pelopa wedded unto thee."
 Thus, smiling, he himself expressed.
 Him Atlas briefly now addressed,—
 "Tho' we his presence miss to-night
 Within yon palace of delight,
 Since we our guest may not detain,
 We pray he quickly come again."

In solitude Gadeirus broods
 Afar from those in gayer moods;
 His mind, a dark and stagnant pond,
 To light from heaven cannot respond.
 A horrid crime he contemplates,
 And with himself his cause debates.
 "My sister he disdains to choose,
 And thro' him I Pelopa lose.
 My Nesa, had he sought her face,
 His throne would not have scorned to grace;
 Pelopa then perchance had heard
 More readily my earnest word.
 My love for *him* is now destined,
 And Lobil cannot hope to bind
 Fair Nalah, who quite plainly loves
 A youth her father's heart approves.
 My subjects still against me band;
 The kingdom withers in my hand!
 Why hesitate to snatch the prize
 That ready to my grasp here lies?
 He dead, this realm at once I claim;
 May even win the haughty dame—
 Authority in full should wield,
 And Nalah must to Lobil yield.

Resist will I no more—Yea, yea,
The deed be mine, ere break of day.
These royal hands can surely choke
Heppel! His death will not evoke
Suspicion of my act, for all
Would say no prince would deign to fall
From kingly height to stop the breath
Of one whose paltry life or death
Is naught to him who owns a realm.
Nay! Let me pause,—To overwhelm
Conjectures dark I must go hence
And leave no trace of evidence
Of this design. Heppel shall live;—
His presence confidence may give
To Nalah, she whose beauty chains
My heir beyond all other gains.
An unseen shaft we'll speed, that none
Can trace, or we may be undone."

This scheme and that the evil man
In his benighted mind o'er-ran
Till up he rose, on one intent
Resolved. With easy stride he went
To reach the room of Atlas good.
There, gazing round, a moment stood,
And saw the object by him sought.
Assailed by no repentant thought
One drop of liquid he let fall
Within a crystal goblet tall,
Whence he surmised great Atlas quaffed
At night or early morn. He laughed
Within his evil breast, "'T will dry
Unnoticed by the sharpest eye.
One drop a lion's heart would still,
Whatever draught the goblet fill;
And if perchance he drinketh not
To-night, 't will but defer my plot."

Not one, he mused, within that state
Would trace to him its ruler's fate.
Heirless would Atlas pass away,
And he, Gadeirus, hold full sway;
For he among the rulers nine

Stood by his age the first in line.
As oldest prince the nation now
To his authority must bow.

Gadeirus and his haughty train
Departing from this fair domain
Are missed by none among that host,
Where regal sceptres many boast.

When mirth and music, wisdom, wit,
Delight the mind, too swiftly flit
The hours of joy and careless youth
Whose happiness alone seems truth.

Pelopa now the festive throng
Has left, to listen to the song
Of Okomil, the aged bard
Who sounds the praises of his lord;
For when his fingers sweep the strings
Upon the air sweet music rings.
But Atlas to the harp draws nigh
And waits a pause, then—"Rather why
Not tell the glories of the night
Bestowing such a calm delight?"
The harp responded soft and low
As waters ripple when they flow;
The poet's dream expression found
And upward soared, no longer bound.
Inspired, the harp now loudly sung
Those marvels which the space o'erhung—
The myriad suns in starry dome
Where earthly steps may never roam.—
Enraptured, fair Pelopa heard
Till Atlas breathed a tender word.
Then she—"Wilt evermore, my King,
Love me as now and to me cling?"
His voice in softening cadence fell
And glided with the music's spell.
"O fairest of the fair! no gem
Ere rested in a diadem
As thou art shrined within my heart
Till Death decrees that one depart;

Nor blooms a flower that may compare
 With thy perfections pure and rare—
 Whose perfume now my every thought
 Pervades, since I have not besought
 Thy loveliness in vain. Read deep
 Within my eyes what ne'er can sleep,
 The love by thee awaked, my queen—
 In thee a goddess I have seen!"

Her orbs were bent upon his eyes;
 'Then, sighing, "Ah! within them rise
 The blending rays of hope and woe,—
 This last I would at once o'erthrow.
 Dear Atlas, tell me what to-night
 Can sadden thee. Give me the right
 To gaze within thy troubled mind—
 Our hearts let sorrow closer bind."

He then—"I need thy tenderness
 This eve, for that which brings distress—
 Nay, anguish e'en; yet smile, fair dame
 Of Athens, since my sadness came
 From Fancy's realm,—a flash of light
 Awakened me in dead of night.
 A mighty swell of voices wailed—
 'Who hath the Great and Good assailed
 Shall live accursed and wretched die:—
 Seal this decree, O earth and sky!
 Dear lady, I would live to reign
 And welfare in this realm maintain;
 Despite decay that ever creeps
 Insidiously where Justice sleeps,—
 As sleep she doth, and sleeping nods
 Assent to tyrants wielding rods.
 If came this warning from on high,
 Nor king nor pauper may defy
 The will of Heaven. Yet tarry here
 I gladly would with one so dear
 As thou, my Queen!" Her fingers clasped—
 "Breathe not the name of Death!" she gasped—
 "Thou wrongest none,—Who, then, a hand
 Would lift to desolate this land?"

"Nay, nay," he smiled, "we'll not dispel
The joy that in our hearts must dwell
This eve, while strains divine uplift
The soul—O music! happiest gift
That life on earth can bring;
Its messages outpoured are sped
Aloft to float beyond our sense.
Thus too, methinks, from body fled
The soul, released, goes swiftly hence
In purer spheres to sing.
Pelopa, lotus mine, dear bride,
If fate our happiness deride,
Let not thy life be overcast
By brooding sadly on the past."
"Hush! Cease! O Atlas, I implore"—
She pleaded, "Thou hast ne'er before
Such mournful thoughts betrayed. Why now
Sits melancholy on thy brow?"

Then he, "Nay, dearest treasure mine—
I do but bare my soul to thine
As thou didst bid, and make thee know
That if away from thee I go
I would not have thy memory wed
Alone to him whose soul had fled.
Reject not any joy life gives
If thy dear form mine own outlives."

But she—"Dear King, here must thou stay
For many a long and happy day;
I dare not think what life would be
If we thy face no more could see.
We could not bear a fate so drear,
Nor will I aught so dreadful fear."

"Yet nay!" he broke upon her speech,
"Call death not dreadful, I beseech;
The mourners may resent the blow
That stills the heart and stops the glow
Of life; but he that lieth dead
Is free at last from every dread.
Of all that live not one feels awe
Before this universal law

If only it will spare the friend
 Whose life their own would glad defend.
 A million lives may cease to be—
 No pang we feel, nor horror see
 In that which every moment brings.
 From birth to death creation swings
 Incessantly. The flowers die—
 Indifferent we pass these by.
 No object that we mortals face,
 Or those beyond in wondrous space,
 Or in the vast infinitude
 Of unseen marvels that illude
 Conception of the finite mind,
 Evades the law that all doth bind
 To ceaseless change, the come and go
 Of birth and death; the throb and throe
 Of joy and pain that without end,
 Thro' being, Will doth ever send.
 But when this law divine draws near
 The form that unto us is dear
 We cry aloud—Delay, delay!—
 Take not *our* best beloved away!—
 Our peevish plaint weighs full as much
 As cry of ant beneath the touch
 Of human foot, when pressed to earth,
 While larve in its cell finds birth.”

He paused and sighed,—“I would that he
 Returning to his realm, might see
 How better far it is to reign
 Benignly, than by force to gain
 The hatred of the multitude,
 Creating discord, want and feud.
 This state, if burdened by his sway
 Would yield ere long to that decay
 Of good which saps his realm to-day.”

He ceased, while ever Okomil
 With strains sublime the air would fill;
 But sudden stopped as Nalah neared,
 And Can with mirthful Chom appeared,
 Whose sparkling wit soon cast a spell,
 Forbidding gloom before it fell.

To be continued.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 115.)

Awake! Awake! The mighty one
Triumphant hath his course begun;
Arise! Receive the light that he
Again bestows on land and sea—
Thus sing the watchmen far and near
As beauteous Earth doth reappear.

Pelopa's eyes of heavenly blue,
Responsive to the rosy hue
Of new-born day, unclosed their lids—
Like lotuses when sunlight bids;
And fresh as lilies bathed in dew
She woke to joyous life anew.

Close by a dainty bower concealed
The bath where beauty stood revealed.
Anon, half robed, the chosen one
Of Atlas breathed unto the sun
Her reverence in a simple prayer:
Then 'neath her shower of golden hair
She softly called, "Koromil, haste!
If still thou art within thy nest."

A curtain parted, and the maid
So gently summoned prompt obeyed,
Protesting as she came, "Nay, nay,
I ever rise at break of day."
"Thou too," Pelopa said, "as I,
Must praise the monarch of the sky;
Our source of light and life is there,—
A sunless world would bring despair.

"Come, bind my tresses in the way
Our king approves,—some locks to stray,
In not too wild a disarray;
A little curl behind this ear,
Another on my forehead there.

"I brought thee from our native place
To dwell amid a foreign race,
Not dreaming I might here remain
As mistress of this broad domain.
But if it please thee yet to stay,
Abide with me til comes the day
When I shall see thee leave my side
Contented, as a happy bride.

"This girdle that he gave to me
I'll wear, and fasten on the toy
I coaxed from him—as thou dost see,
A polished blade that could destroy
A life with but a single thrust;
I pray thee touch it with distrust.
Its gleaming surface looks so fierce,
One's very heart it seems to pierce.
Replace it in its lovely sheath,
Where harmless it may lie beneath,—
I found its tracery passing fine;
The king at once then called it mine.
Adjust it on this side—'T is well.
So if thou yet with us will dwell—

But hark! What sounds are those?
Unbar the door, Koromil, quick!
His name is cried! My heart grows sick
And quivers with an awful dread!"
She cried, and from her chamber fled
While voices ever rose
And rushing feet went to and fro,
And tongues were clamoring to know
What fate had wrought. "Our king stark dead,"
Cried one, "is found upon his bed."

Half dazed, Pelopa forward ran,
 And Nalah, too, beholding Can
 With Heppel speeding to the door,
 Where guard of honor stood before.
 "Can, Can," the dame and princess cried,—
 But he, "I haste to Atlas' side."
 With him they go. The guards again
 Forbid the way to eager men
 Of many climes and lordly state,
 Who there the awful truth must await.

The regal couch but meets her glance
 When Nalah doth a cry elance—
 "The dream! the dream! my father's dead!"
 And casts herself upon the bed.
 Can, silent, o'er great Atlas bends
 And sorrow deep his bosom rends.
 Heppel his anguish cannot stay—
 "Called he? while I in slumber lay—
 Failed I his summons to obey?
 To death betrayed! He cold and numb,
 While I unto his voice was dumb!—
 No pardon I for this will take—
 Destroy me, Cimil! for his sake."

The king lies rigid, cold in death;
 Asleep he drew his parting breath;
 And Heppel chafes those icy feet.
 Pelopa hears her pulses beat;
 Can's countenance her eyes devour,
 For surely he some subtle power
 Must have, at once to animate
 The form of Atlas, Good and Great.

Can lifts his eyes to meet her own
 While from his heart escapes a moan;
 But calm and still her hand he takes
 In his, and her delusion breaks
 In words his wisdom deems the best;
 While Nalah sobs upon the breast
 Of Mu's last Atlas, gone to rest.

Pelopa, frenzied, breaks away
 From Can's restraining hands, to slay
 Herself upon the regal bed
 To which her nuptials would have led.
 But Heppel from her clasp has seized
 The shining blade that lately pleased
 Her eye when, glad to give her joy,
 The king resigned the dangerous toy:—
 No pause makes he, but thrusts the steel
 Within his breast, intent to deal
 A wound whence death may be attained;—
 He falls—his raiment crimson stained.

Pelopa flings herself beside,
 To snatch the deadly blade and hide
 Its gleam within her snow-white form,
 But Can as swiftly stays her arm—
 "In the name of Atlas I forbid
 His bride affianced so to rid
 Herself of life, while yonder lies
 His child whose heart for pity cries,"
 Can says, and summons to his aid
 Attendants who are quickly bade
 To bear Heppel where art and skill
 May save the form he seeks to kill.

To those beyond the room Can said—
 "Our king, the Great and Good, is dead";
 To sentries then, "Let none pass here
 Until among ye I appear."
 Returning now he murmurs low,
 "Her reason staggers 'neath the blow.
 Philosophy! if aught avails
 Thy staff while deepest woe assails,
 Sustain our fainting souls and give
 The strength to suffer and to live."

She rushes on him like the wind—
 "My dagger! I entreat thee, Can,
 Ah! give to me! Place not thy ban
 Upon the death I long to find."

But he, "Peace, peace,—behold his face;
With passion thou wilt not disgrace
Thyself and his still majesty,
His, who in spirit worshipped thee.
Submit! his soul commands; be still
And hear my words. Thyself to kill
Would be to love him not. Abide!
Let him behold his chosen bride
As Nalah's comforter and guide."

To her his voice seemed far away,
And vague the princess where she lay
Convulsed with sobs. Pelopa's eyes
Burned bright; so awful this surprise
The founts were scorched; but now she raised
Her voice on high, by anguish crazed—
"Come back, come back, my king, my all—
Ah! monstrous Death! that dared to call
Thee hence. Great Atlas! let thy voice
Pelopa's heart once more rejoice.
Accursed day! that sees her live
While thou art dead. My dagger give
To me, dear Can, deny me not
The means this wretched life to blot—
Death by his side would be most sweet!"
His words were stern—"Cease to entreat.
Thy king forbids the deed. I feel
His presence to my soul appeal.
Have as thou wilt; exhaust thy woe;—
Self-slain to him thou shalt not go."
Her wrists he held—Dishevelled now,
The golden hair about her brow
And on her shoulders rippling lay,
In wild and lovely disarray.
So calm the look, so firm the hands,
Of him who uttered his commands,
The tempest of her mind was stilled;
Beneath his gaze her blue eyes filled
With softer light. Then, "Oh," she cried,
"It cannot be that he has died!
Some traitor hand has stifled here
The life to us than life more dear."

But he, "Hush! hush! for Nalah's sake,—
 Such thought her tender heart would break.
 Pelopa, be thou noble, strong!
 Betrothed of Atlas, would'st thou wrong
 This child who for thy face will yearn
 When from this presence she must turn?
 For thee existence now doth seem
 An empty shell—a horrid dream;
 But time thy anguish must abate,
 And courage give for any fate:—
 If this be not fulfilled I know
 That unto him thou soon wilt go.
 But share with us this darkened hour;
 Thou, loved of Atlas, dare not cower
 Beneath the lash of Fate!
 Leave that to mortals frail who quake
 With fear, and bounds of reason break
 Whene'er they should be great.
 Dear Queen—for queenly now thy soul
 Doth rise, thy anguish to control—
 Much form is due to kingly state,
 And duties mournful on us wait.
 From this dear presence thou must go;
 The princess too; on her bestow
 Thy tenderness, ne'er yet denied
 By thee." Approaching Nalah's side
 His strong arms clasped the slender maid.
 Resisting not, her head she laid
 Upon his breast and sobbed the grief
 Whose dolor keen found no relief.

Pelopa, gazing on the face
 Of Atlas, saw majestic grace
 And calm; as if the flesh to stone
 Had sudden turned while there alone
 He slept—of her perchance he dreamed—
 The light of happiness still seemed
 To lend its smiling presence there,
 She thought,—and, yielding to despair,
 Lamenting, by his side now flung
 Herself, and to him fondly clung;
 Her rounded arms so soft and white

About the form of him whose flight
From earth had left her desolate,—
To hope quite lost, bereft by fate:—

“Dear eyes, dear lips, no more to move—
O for one look! one word of love!
Thy Lotus pleads, yet cold art thou;
Like mountain ice thy royal brow.
But let thy soul a whisper send,
Beloved!—From the gods descend—
Pelopa pleadeth at thy side,
And longs in death to be thy bride.
These hands last night were clasped in thine
While melody and starry shine
Of blissful days a promise seemed—
But, while thy lotus fondly dreamed,
Art gone—and if I must here stay
To mourn for thee, not far the day
When thou wilt take my hand once more
On that mysterious, distant shore.”
Can drew anear and by her stood—
“Dear lady, noble, true and good,
The child he loved I trust to thee
To keep from harm as faithfully
As I will guard his bride:—
The will of Atlas I express;
And hope some happiness may bless
You both, whate’er betide.”
Thus he, and with persuasion led
Them from the presence of the dead
To Nalah’s rooms. Pelopa’s grief
In bitter tears now sought relief.

But unto Atlas Can returned;
His heart for solitude now yearned.
Immersed in sorrow-laden thought
With diligence he closely sought
A mark that might betray the hand
Of him whose name should bear the brand
Of infamy. No sign he found.
Upon his reverie fell the sound
Of Manab’s voice,—high priestess she,

To Atlas sister. Earnestly
Can bent to her—"Ah! holy maid,
No guard, I trust, *thy* footfall stayed."

"Nay, friend; not thro' *that* door," she said,
"Came I." Then drawing to the bed
'O last and greatest of our line!
The glory of thy soul doth shine
Upon thy face; my words dost hear.
This nation to thy heart so dear,
Of thee unworthy grew, but now
It shall to baser monarch bow.
Thy mind this tongue will sometimes give,
That they who hear may righteous live."
"Good Can, what sayest thou? Meseems
That, waking from my troubled dreams
Wherein I knew his life was done,
There flittered o'er my vision one
I leave unnamed. So heavy lies
My aching heart I cannot rise
To find the light that would unveil
The one whose act we now bewail."

To be continued.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better or for worse as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till.

—EMERSON, "*Self-Reliance*."

A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace.

—EMERSON, "*Self-Reliance*."

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 186.)

"Alas!" the man of learning sighed,
"Beneath an overwhelming tide
Of woe, we seers too must wait
In darkness, till our grief abate.
But tarry—I a plan have laid,
And if my order be obeyed,
That priest from Sais waits without
Whose actions I have watched, in doubt
Of his designs." This said, he neared
The door, whence soon he reappeared
With Zatlil by his side.
"Thou art a stranger here," Can spake,
"The death of Atlas cannot make
Thy spirit dull, nor shut the light
Denied to us in Sorrow's night,—
Which numbs the sense that would unfold
What truth the dead must silent hold,
Or to the dead confide.
A priest art thou—Is thine the gift

From things concealed the veil to lift?
Then, of thy courtesy aid now
To learn what laid great Atlas low."
On Zatlil's countenance both bent
Their gaze, impelled by one intent.

Concern he showed not while he kept
His eyes on him who lifeless slept.
At length—"Why call on me to find
The cause? What hides within the mind
Of you that ask? How can I know
Why death hath laid great Atlas low?"

"Our thought concealed reflected lies
 In thee," said Can, "I see it rise
 And shadow forth the name—"
 "Hold! hold" the priest excited cried,
 "I'll hear it not, lest woe betide,
 And on me fall the blame."

"Enough! thou art in truth a tool,
 A cunning knave, or guilty fool.
 Confess the deed, thy lips unseal,
 If thou stern justice would not feel."

At this a cry from Zatlil broke.
 Then Manab, "Wilt thou here invoke
 The god most sacred to thy heart
 To witness bear that thou no part
 Hast taken in the horrid deed
 That unto death could Atlas lead?"

"Yea, priestess; Ra do I invoke!
 If false my words, may lightning stroke
 Cut short this breath. Ah! now forbear
 Thy threats; O Can, in mercy spare
 My feeble body from the hands
 That torture at their lords' commands."

Aghast the sage and priestess eyed
 The wretched man as thus he cried.
 Then Can, "What horrid thought was this
 That blanched thy cheek? Thou can'st dismiss
 The fear of torture from thy mind.
 Not in our kingdom wilt thou find
 The awful means employed by those
 Who seek to wrest the truth by blows
 And dread contrivances applied
 To they who would some secret hide.
 Such agony hast surely known;
 Thy fear abject this plain hath shown.
 A tyrant master holds thee fast
 In meshes crime hath round thee cast
 I, in the name of Ra, demand
 The truth. Know'st thou the dastard hand

That took his life? Say nay once more
And, if 'tis so, pass thro' yon door.
But if thy hand, thine eye, thine ear,
Have shared this crime, go forth in fear
Of every shadow on thy road,
Thy conscience weighted with a load."

Now Zatlil, eager to go free,
But lightly heeded this decree
Till, as he slowly took his way,
His limbs no longer would obey;
The will of Can there stopped his feet,
For he would once again repeat
That stern demand,—“Thy yea or nay?”
The priest's thin face was turning gray;
He tried to move, but rooted here
Stood quaking with a craven fear.
Then Can, “Reply! I will release
Thy limbs. Reply, and go in peace.”

Zatlil exclaimed, “Quite innocent
Am I. No action or intent
Of mine confronts me now. Mine ear,
My hand, mine eye, of guilt are clear.
Once more to thee by Ra I swear
That in this deed I have no share;
Nor aught can tell to shed a light
On what befel in dead of night.”

“Thou art released,—depart,” Can said,
And turned again where, near the bed,
The priestess silent looked and mourned
The brother she so oft had warned
Of fate impending o'er his head.
“In presence of our sacred dead,”
To Can now thus she spake, “I feel
'Twould be in vain we might reveal
The thought within us both, tho' *he*
Suspected too, 't was plain to see.
Our laws demand the *proof* of deeds
Ere justice punishment concedes.
No proof have we, and ne'er can bring

The wretch who surely killed our king
 To retribution; but the day
 When this dear form is laid away
 On yonder height, I will proclaim
 A curse on whom should fall the blame.
 Watch thou his face, for blench it must—
 The gods will hold our cause in trust.
 Ere now a messenger hath flown
 To make the death of Atlas known
 To that base prince who soon will come,
 Alas! to make this court his home,—
 Where Atlas reigned. Let wisdom now
 Guide all our ways. We may not show
 Our mind to him if we would keep
 Our power. Let dark suspicion sleep,
 That safely we may tarry here,
 Protecting those who were so dear
 To him." She ceased, and Can replied,—
 "Yea, in thy judgment I confide.
 I may indeed be driven hence
 For fancied or for real offence.
 But thou—not even he himself would dare
 Dispute thy right. Let him beware!
 And now the monarch we must yield
 To whom his noble form can shield
 From swift decay." Forth Manab went
 To comfort those by anguish bent;
 While Can sought Heppel's couch to know
 What hope might offer Kadimo.

O'erspreading Mu a sombre pall,
 A leaden cloud, seems near to fall
 In torrents; yet the heavy skies
 May still weep less than mortal eyes,—
 For on this day thro' all the land
 Wail multitudes on every hand;
 Their garments tear; while on their brows
 The dust of earth each mourner throws.
 In fasting they have spent their days,
 And in the city's broad highways
 Have chanted dirges long and loud,
 By grief for Atlas sadly bowed.

The Great and Good is gone for aye,
And nevermore shall he allay
The wrath of tyrant lords, nor plead
With them for kinder word and deed.
The princely guests had summoned been
To nuptial rites of king and queen;
Gadeirus now can proudly boast
Himself of all these kings the host.
No more with mirth the palace rings;
Okomil's harp so longer sings.
The thousand servitors are hushed
In voice and step; for grief has crushed
All joy, and on this woeful day
Their king beloved is laid away.

The priestesses, all robed in white,
Await King Atlas on the height
Where he, incased in purest gold,
Shall rest near Poseidon the Bold.

The child of Atlas prostrate lies,
Watched by Pelopa's tear-drained eyes.
Tanatis and Koromil there
Will stay to give them tender care.

A vast assembly sallies now
From out the palace, pacing slow
Thro' avenues, the solemn throng
Increasing as it winds along.
The mourning train is forward led
By priests, each bearing on his head
The flowers that make the earth so fair,
With divers luscious fruits and rare;
And sacred images—their hue
That soft inspiring azure blue,
That every mourner on this day
Must wear as part of his array.

The favorite steeds of Atlas great
Come harnessed to his car of state;
While, reins in hand, the charioteer
Treads slowly in the chariot's rear.

Priests follow after, one by one,
 With trophies of the kings long gone.
 The pontiff with libation vase
 And censor comes the next in place,
 Surrounded by attendant priests.
 Behind these follow sacred beasts—
 White elephants that slowly tread
 And forward drag the funeral bed,—
 A couch of gold where Atlas lies
 No more beholding earthly skies.
 Alone by this Gadeirus slow
 Advances with his head bent low.
 The other kings of Mu next come,
 With eyes cast down and voices dumb.
 Now follow they who kinship bear,
 And friends who dear to Atlas were,
 Their heads in mournful silence bowed;
 While those who follow wail aloud—
 The multitude—these heavenward send
 Prolonged lamentings as they wend
 Their way unto the holy shrine
 Of Poseidon, first king divine.

Within the temple princes eight
 Bear Atlas, there to rest in state.
 Each priest unto an altar brings
 Some offering; these are by the kings
 Arrayed. The priests libations make,
 And incense burn for Atlas' sake.
 The pontiff's chant is clearly heard
 Reciting ritualistic word;—
 Which done, he praises long the dead,
 And in dissent no word is said,—
 But acclamations at the name
 Of him no mortal tongue could blame.

As silence falls, the priestess near
 Her sentence utters loud and clear:—
 "If earthly foe o'er life prevailed,—
 Who hath the Great and Good assailed
 Shall live accursed and wretched die;—
 Seal our decree, O earth and sky!"

The mighty multitude repeats
This curse, while throbs with heavy beats
The blackened heart of him who stands
Chief monarch over all those lands.

To be continued.

Johann Tauler is a name which fails in no Literary History of Germany: he was a man famous in his own day as the most eloquent of preachers; is still noted by critics for his intellectual deserts; by pious persons, especially of the class called Mystics, is still studied as a practical instructor; and by all true inquirers prized as a person of high talent and moral worth. Tauler was a Dominican Monk; seems to have lived and preached at Strassburg; where, as his gravestone still testifies, he died in 1361. His devotional works have been often edited: one of his modern admirers has written his biography; wherein perhaps this is the strangest fact, if it be one, that once in the pulpit, 'he grew suddenly dumb, and did nothing but weep; in which despondent state he continued for two whole years.' Then, however, he again lifted up his voice, with new energy and new potency. We learn, farther, that he 'renounced the dialect of Philosophy, and spoke direct to the heart in language of the heart.' His Sermons, composed in Latin and delivered in German, in which language, after repeated renovations and changes of dialect, they are still read, have, with his other writings, been characterized, by a native critic worthy of confidence, in these terms: 'They contain a treasure of meditations, hints, indications, full of heartfelt piety, which still speak to the inmost longings and noblest wants of man's mind. His style is abrupt, compressed, significant in its conciseness; the nameless depth of feelings struggles with the phraseology. He was the first that wrested from our German speech the fit expression for ideas of moral Reason and Emotion, and has left us riches in that kind, such as the zeal for purity and fullness of language in our own days cannot leave unheeded.'

—Carlyle, *Early German Literature*.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

PART II.

Her lids bright Morn is opening wide,
Dull Night no longer may abide.
Awake! awake! the mighty one
Triumphant hath his course begun;
Arise! receive the light that he
Again bestows on land and sea.

The priestesses white-robed come forth
Great Kin to hail; as all the earth
Should laud the monarch of the skies,
Their tuneful voices heavenward rise.

O Thou, in splendor dressed,
Embrace our land for aye;
That earth, by thee caressed,
May e'er herself array
In fairest flower;
And mortals blest,
In verdant bower
Find blissful rest.
All hail, great power!
Fade not away.

Earth's breast, long kissed by thee,
Gives forth harmonious sound
That echoes thro' the tree
Deep rooted in the ground;
While swaying limbs
Half caught, half free,
Intone their hymns
O light, to thee:—
All hail, great power!
Forever crowned.

To Manab turn they now and hear
Her will—"Thou, Nenuz, bide anear
Our sacred flame until the sun
Half way his daily course hath run,
Ucum may then the duty take
Till starry orbs once more awake.
Ocolku, I have chosen thee
To render service unto me."

The priestess and her vestal maid
Conversing passed within the shade,
Beyond a portal beautified
By noble art on every side,—
Still onward went and came before
Rich hangings that concealed a door.
Here pausing, Manab backward drew
The curtain, saying, "Ocolku,
This morn thou wilt thy service give
To one who gave thee strength to live
When thou in sickness lay prostrate,
Death only seeming to await."

Ocolku then, "Were this not so
No will but thine seek I to know.
We ever gladly all obey
What our Exalted One doth say."

Now passing by a second veil
Both stood within a shrine whose pale
Soft light of opalescent hue
To tranquil mood the senses drew.

No idol herein found a place!
But flowering plants endowed with grace
This still retreat, whose circling wall
And arch the thoughts might heavenward call,—
So tenderly its azure lent
Its calm to eyes upon it bent.
On slender stands of Onyx grew
Tall lilies whose white petals threw
Their fragrance on the air.

Anon, approaching steps were heard,
 Again the veil was gently stirred,
 And Can had entered there.

"To thee, O Manab, maid divine,
 I come, that clearer light may shine
 Upon the path I seek to find
 Ere evil plotters' coil may wind
 About the feet of them whose love
 Was dear to him who now above
 With gods to dwell hath gone,
 Or lingers yet, by care detained—
 That those he loved be not profaned—
 Ere he from earth pass on."

Then Manab, "Noble friend, here waits
 A vestal who may ope the gates
 Of days to come, and brush aside
 The mist that from our view doth hide
 The things that are to be.
 Ocolku, yonder take thy place;
 Gaze in the magic mirror's face,
 And tell what thou may'st see."

Then Can,—“I would that Ocolku,
 When she this portal goeth thro’
 Retain no memory of the things
 Yon mirror’s surface to her brings.”

Manab replied,—“It shall be thus.
 My child, reveal thou unto us
 The fleeting forms, and naught withhold
 Whate’er the oracle unfold.”

“I see,” began the maiden now,
 “A heavy cloud that hangeth low,
 While underneath great Atlas, dead,
 Is stretched upon a regal bed;
 Yet by that couch himself doth stand—
 ’Tis strange indeed! His royal hand
 A goblet takes, and this he drains,—

Immortal life he thus attains.
The cup was venom'd by the sting
Of him now hailed as sovereign king.
This floats away and o'er the space
A glowing light these words now trace—
'Avenge him not, but from this land
Depart. Behold! why this command.'
That light is fading," mused the maid,
"And all beyond is lost in shade.
But now I see not far away
A noble city 'neath a gray,
Yet crimsoned, overhanging cloud.
Ah! awful thunders long and loud,
My ears appall; from mountains high
Red flames are leaping to the sky
The mountain tops, terrific sight!
Sway to and fro in ruddy light.
Alas! my view is dimmed by fear,—
All fades—Now other words appear:—
'The kings of Mu shall be abased;
The Land of Mu must be effaced.'"

Then Manab, "Ocolku, obey!—
We ask to know how far the day
When this fair land by Homen torn,
Of life and beauty shall be shorn."

The vestal gazing thus replied:
"Exalted One, still by our side
Wilt thou then be, but he, our guest,
Will ere that day have gone in quest
Of other lands, and built a realm
Which Homen may not overwhelm.
Upon that soil, from Atlas springs
A dynasty of worthy kings;—
Guard well the mother of that line
From those who evil deeds design;
Let their suspicions calmly sleep
Regarding her they hope to keep."

"Enough!—The oracle is plain,"
Said Can, "The gods this favor deign

To grant; we will their whole behest
Obey, and heed their wise request."

Manab, her fingers on the brow
Of Ocolku, thus spake,—“What thou
Hast seen I bid thee now forget—
The words and scenes thine eyes have met."

The priestess left alone with Can
Resumed, “If aught to aid thy plan
Within my province lies, I pray
Thou wilt but indicate the way.
In yonder palace I am free
To come and go, to hear and see.
Upon this land my vows were sworn,
I stay to share its fate forlorn;
But thou, my cousin, strong and wise,
An able project will devise
’To guide our truest and our best
To happier days in lands more blest."

But he exclaimed: “Exalted One,
Thy homage to the parent sun
Would not less grateful be elsewhere
Than on this soil so treacherous fair.
Go forth with us to that far land
Whence Cleito’s parents and their band
Had sailed in the ages past,
To reach these fertile shores at last.
The many kings who here have reigned
The name of Atlas e’er retained;
But to their chiefest city gave
The name of Maya, thus to save
The memory of a noble race
On distant soil. We proudly trace
To Maya root our lineage
And claim the right by parentage
To reassume this honored name
Of Cleito’s sire and his good dame.
Their first-born, Atlas, Maya named
His daughter—goddess now proclaimed.

Come with us, Manab, I entreat!
And in that land thy vows repeat."

But she, "Nay, Can, my place is here.
Of life or death I have no fear.
Recall the hour when Atlas lay
Upon his couch, his silent clay
Yet linked to that immortal light
Which made his face divinely bright.
To his attentive soul I vowed
His thoughts thro' me should speak aloud.
Come weal, come woe, here I will stay
Awaiting that last awful day."
Then gravely he replied, "T'is just—
I too shall do his will, and trust
To guide the child he loved so well
To lands where she may safely dwell."

His brow in meditation bent
He slowly to the palace went,
And found Heppel within the gates.
To him he said, "A duty waits;
Thy faithful services we need;—
Observe, that had thy reckless deed
Cut short thy days as thou desired
Thou could'st not, having then expired,
Watch over those to him most near,
Of all on earth unto him dear.
Upon thee we henceforth rely
Full confident thou wilt comply
With such a trust.—Within the sound
Of Nalah's voice be often found."

To me, lord Can, dost thou confide
The princess?" Heppel glad replied—
"Tis well, since Gadeirus requests
I prompt obey all her behests."
"Do thou my charge regard with care,
And soon will I to thee lay bare
A project that unto thy heart
New life and courage will impart."

This said, Can tarried not, for he
Pelopa now would haste to see.

Koromil speeding to him came—
“Ah! noble prince, my lovely dame
Thy presence eagerly awaits;
Our princess now with her debates.”

Rejoiced were both to see the friend
Who would from every ill defend.
Pelopa earnestly began
Outpouring all her woes to Can:—
“Dear prince, tho’ Heppel’s wound would be healed,
Our founts of grief are still unsealed;
Yet wearied we offended turn
From words of love that sting and burn.
Gadeirus seeks, importunate,
A union that my soul doth hate!
And failing this, he threats that we,
Our Nalah dear and I, shall be
No more together. But in vain
He pleads. Indignant, I disdain
His hand; resent as an offence
The words that do such violence
To my consuming grief. Thus now—
He yester eve made solemn vow
When I refused to be his bride—
Away from dearest Nalah’s side
I forthwith go. Ah! friend, what light
Can’st throw upon our sorry plight?”
“There’s more to tell. The king desires
This child, to whom Lobil aspires,
And craves as consort, now to grant
The privilege to this gallant
Of pleading his own cause. Thy son
Dho, Atlas willing, early won
Our Nalah’s love, hath far been sent,
Thou knowest well, as competent
To represent this state; and now
Gadeirus would annul her vow.”

The hand of Nalah sought the clasp
 Of him whose firm and gentle grasp
 Soothed all her fears; and while he spoke
 Within those hearts bereaved awoke
 The confidence his voice ne'er failed
 To radiate, what'er assailed.
 "Thou, Nalah child, dismiss thy fear;
 Defenders will be ever near.
 Pelopa, I for thee will find
 A safe retreat with one as kind
 As she is wise, beloved and great,
 Where undismayed thou can'st await
 The not far distant, happy day
 When we with Nalah sail away.
 This princess whom we dearly love
 Not openly may we remove.
 By ancient laws, ne'er disobeyed,
 Her guardian Gadeirus is made;
 For thus it is writ—'If Atlas leave
 No queen, but royal daughters grieve
 His loss, until their marriage day
 These shall their suzerain obey.'
 Let not a word escape your lips—
 By words success from mortal slips—
 A secret must Pelopa's place
 Of refuge be, or he may trace
 And send her forth; but still I ween
 We guard within these gates our queen.
 Dispel your fear; united ye
 At no far distant day will be."

Manab bade fair Pelopa come
 For refuge to her tranquil home.
 To bring the princess greetings dear
 And banish from her mind all fear,
 Came Manab by a hidden way,
 Thro' which she could by night or day
 Her brother's only child protect
 If she a danger might suspect.

But Nalah languished kept apart

From they who filled her loving heart.
 Upon a couch of azure blue
 Reclined this maiden pure and true,
 Caressing tenderly a bird
 Snow-white. A zephyr gently stirred
 The gauzy robes that half revealed
 Her form, whose lines were unconcealed.
 The glowing light and glad'ning breeze
 Enticed the bird to seek the trees
 Beyond her reach, beyond her sight.
 Then from her lips a wish took flight—
 "O that I too on wings might rise!
 How dearly I the gift would prize:—
 My father dead; Pelopa torn
 From me,—I am indeed forlorn!
 Dear Itzat ever kept abroad
 By this detested, vexing lord—
 Our king to-day—a tyrant rake
 Who scruples not my troth to break—
 The troth we plighted free and fair
 When I and Itzat each a share
 Of one quince ate. Ah! never I
 Will wed Lobil—far better die!"

"Tanatis, I would hear thee sing
 A mournful lay, thy lute here bring.
 Come quickly!—Who detaineth thee?
 Wilt even thou neglect my plea?—
 Gadeirus, thou!" the princess cried
 Indignant, wounded in her pride
 of maidenly reserve,—“Abuse
 Of power, O King, requires excuse.”

Arisen from her couch she gazed
 On him. Surprise and anger blazed
 In cheek and eye as there erect
 She haughty stood, but sudden checkt
 Herself and, calmly now, “Thy will
 Make known, if this we can fulfill.”

To be continued

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 312.)

PART II.

The king stood unabashed, a smile
Sardonic on his face the while
She spake. Then he, "Lobil hath been
Made king; thee would he have for queen.
I order not, but beg thee give
His words attention ere he leave,
As leave he must with brief delay:
For this alone hath he this day
Arrived. He waits without yon door,
Thy willing slave who would outpour
His homage at thy feet.
This grace accord, that he may learn
What Fate ordains, and homeward turn
If vainly he entreats."

Then Nalah, "Not till close of day
Will I this irksome wish obey.
When starry orbs on high appear,
Since this must be, then will I hear
The prince thy son." Gadeirus gone:—
"Tho' I shall seem to be alone,"
She murmured to herself, "near by
Will Manab keep a watchful eye."

To Lobil thus his father spake:—
"If proud ambition can'st awake
Within her breast, then may'st thou hope
With rival suiter yet to cope."
Came Manab by a hidden way,
The bosom of the ocean glows

Where Kin his farewell ray bestows
 With fiery sheen. Night's soothing veil
 Is falling over hill and dale;
 As Nalah pensively there sits,
 Where back to her the white bird flits,
 And once again is perched close by,
 There welcomed with a joyous cry—
 For white birds ever to her seem
 A link with those that in her dream
 Appeared. But why Manab's delay?
 The waves from crimson turn to gray,
 And anxiously doth Nalah wait
 That friend to whom she may relate
 The rude demand of Gadeirus,
 And ask what she will not refuse.

At last her step, her voice, she hears;
 From Nalah's brow the shadow clears.
 "Exalted One, I well knew thou
 Would'st come to stay beside me now—
 Gadeirus forced himself this day
 Within my presence; came to pray
 That to his son I freely give
 A hearing gracious, ere he leave,
 Returning to the real that now
 Unto his will perverse must bow.
 I named the hour when stars appear
 For Lobil to approach me here,
 Well knowing thou would'st not go hence,
 But stay to guard me from offence."

"Yea, child, within thy call I'll rest;
 But for thy sake I deem it best
 Thou seem'st alone, tho' bide I will
 By yonder hidden door until
 The prince hath gone. He'll not offend,
 Since for thy hand he doth contend.
 Tho' fail he must this eve he still
 Would hope to subjugate thy will.
 Tanatis signals he hath come,—
 I will abide unseen and dumb."

And now the priestess with the shade
Of evening mingled—but the maid
On every side a flood of light
Evoked, which dazzled Lobil's sight
As, entering with a courtly grace,
He sought the princess Nalah's face—
That face so lovely, gentle, grace,
Whose soft brown eyes a rapture gave
To all who looked therein—
Those eyes so tenderly sincere,
With depths reflecting, pure and clear,
Such love as gods might win.
Half rising, Nalah greeting gave
To him who came her love to crave,—
A handsome man of sturdy mould
And courtly bearing, not too bold
Low bowing he, with cunning art
Began to play the wooer's part;
Poured forth his love; implored that she
His goddess and his queen would be;—
Nor paused to let her make reply
Lest, all too soon, she might deny
His suit ere he had pleaded well
The cause his heart and tongue would tell.
Ambition, Gadeirus had said,
Might stir the heart of this dear maid;
Thus Lobil urged—"Thy palace fair
Wilt thou regain, and govern where
Great Atlas ruled; upon the day
When Gadeirus must pass away,
We hither come to reign, and thou
My queen, will ever see me bow
To thy desires, remembering
Thou art of our lamented king
The sole survivor—" Nalah broke
Upon his speech, for this awoke
The anguish she would sacred keep
Within her bosom, hidden deep.

Thus now she spoke: "Lobil, obey
I must the king's commands, yet pray

No longer strive my hand to gain.
A promise given must remain
A sacred bond. Betrothed am I;
And with my promise would comply.
Gadeirus too knows this. Why plead
A cause my heart can never heed?"

Undaunted, sauvely he replied,
"Tho' my devotion be denied
This eve, I cherish still the hope
With every rival yet to cope.
Ah! let me in those soft eyes read
How happily my love may plead!
Could'st thou but know my bitter pain
Some word of kindness thou would'st deign
Bestow, the while I seek to tell
The passion I can never quell—
To win thee is my chiefest thought;
Without thee life itself is naught."

Thus sighing, he himself withdrew,
Determined later to renew
His suit with Atlas' child,
Whose mind ran thus the while he spoke—
"Their anger I will not provoke
By protestations wild—
Lobil another chance may wait,
But Can is watching o'er my fate."

Manab re-entered at the call
Of Nalah, who recounted all—
Then eagerly her heart outpoured
Anent Pelopa, much deplored.
The priestess tenderly, "She waits
The day when Can from out these states
Will lead you both with many more
Quite far away, to safe shore."

BOOK FOURTH

PART I.

Among the city's meaner streets
Where vicious misery ever greets
The eye and wounds the ear,
Poor homeless wretches hide by night,
Ill-fed and tremulous with fright,
When footsteps come anear.
Here Cho and Pepen shelter seek
From tempest and from man perverse
Who, spiteful to the poor and weak,
Inflicts a needless blow or curse.

The boy, by Kadimo detained
Till health and vigor were regained,
Had hungered for his vagrant life
And, fleeing, sought once more the strife
Of crowded ways whose busy throng
He loved to watch the whole day long,—
Half hidden in some little nook
To Pepen known, where she would look
For him when set the sun.
'Twas Pepen now who begged for both;
And he was merry, nothing loath
To share what food she won.
Alas! poor waif, there came a night
Of solitude and tears;
Now once again the child must fight
Alone, as in the years
Ere she, his friend, had shared her crust
With him, and he had learned to trust
In her. Far worse her fate!
Just budding into womanhood,
Unguarded by the strong and good,
Allurements lay in wait.
Decoyed away by honeyed speech,
With promises again to reach
And save from want the boy—
She left her world to flutter high

And revel in what gold could buy,
Though lacking love and joy.

O bitter were the tears of Cho!
As day by day he'd faithful go
Where they together oft had strayed—
E'er, seeking her, tho' long delayed
His hope. At last to him one night
There came a happy gleam of light—
Kadimo! He would surely find
His Pepen, Kadimo, so kind!

At peep of dawn Cho's little feet
Sped, bare and dusty, thro' the street
In search of one great marble hall
Where, after that disastrous fall
Kadimo bore him in—
That friend who urged his untaught mind
To leave a beggar's life behind
And learn his bread to win.

Surprised the student was to look
Again on him who had forsook
The shelter he had found, to flee
Where lay in wait Adversity:
For as the sparrows, so do men
Familiar nooks seek out again.

With trust alight the little face
Looked up to find forgiving grace.
The lad was eager all to tell—
How Pepen who had loved him well
And brought him food, had sudden gone,
Him leaving wretched, quite alone.
On every side he'd sought in vain—
But now Kadimo would regain
His friend so dear—if living yet,
Cho sobbed, for now his cheeks were wet.

The student hopeless saw the task
The simple child of him would ask;
But smiling strove to lead his thought

In other paths. He must be taught
A better way to live;
Submitting now to school his mind,
His days to study give,
And learn by work to serve his kind.
The lad whom grief had docile made
Thenceforth good Kadimo obeyed.

Too soon upon the Sacred Height
Unbridled wrong supplanted right.
The priest from Sais lurking spied;
Discovered, he or cringed or lied;
Erstwhile his lips were sacred kept
To truth, but now alas! inept
Save in the service of a man
Who used him for each evil plan,
Unyielding in his stubborn will,
That naught achieved save deeds of ill.

Gadeirus, who had dared proclaim
Himself would henceforth bear the name
Of Atlas, sanctified till then,
But soon to be accursed of men,
Impenitently squandered now
The nation's wealth on high and low
With injudicious hand;
Indulgence wild he most desired,
And nothing of the wise required
While orgies were by fools inspired—
A vicious, selfish band.

(To be continued.)

We are not mere dwellers in the present Time, cut off and estranged from the former life of the Human Race. The Past is still in being, and we are part of it, and it likewise is a component of our individual selves. The Soul is not a mere undying entity but a divine being like God.

—*Alexander Wilder.*

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A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from Vol. X., page 375.)

To Kera, lady of his court, he came
Impatient to address the dame
Who had to him a promise made—
Compliance now from her he bade.
“Yea, Majesty, the hour draws near,
E’en while at thy command I’m here
Perchance we lose important light—
Dismiss thy servant from thy sight
Without delay to soon return,
That she the truth may quickly learn.
If word I cannot have with thee
O King, regard with scrutiny
A jeweled butterfly I’ll wear
Reposing high upon my hair—
Its wings shall speak—if lifted these,
This very night our princess flees.”
The stars are peeping from the clouds;
Night with her shadowy veil enshrouds
A drowsy world; soft murmurs creep
Along the grass while nodding flowers
Their petals close in tranquil sleep
Until the sun its radiance showers.

The palace heights with radiance gleam
Where rosy lights bestow their beam
On objects beautiful and grand
Upon this most enchanting land,
Where every joy that sense may crave
Is granted by a royal knave,
And orgies well deserving scorn
Will meet the blushing face of Morn.

THE WORD

But while the foolish joy in sin
The princess must her freedom win
From tyrant's thrall, by Can's command—
For he the way hath wisely planned.

In darkness now young Nalah, clad
In vestal's garb, forth ventures, sad,
Tho' well content to leave the home
So loved, in distant lands to roam—
Her greatest loss and deep lament
That Manab dear will not consent
To save herself with those who flee,
Escaping dire calamity.

Beneath the house of vestal maids,
In times of which the memories fades,
A path was cut and chambers wrought;—
Here virgins penitent were brought
To dwell in solitude awhile
If passion threatened to beguile
Their hearts from duties freely vowed
When they with office were endowed.
This pathway bent to where the land
Was circled by an azure band
Of ocean wave. Here Manab led
The fugitives, and here they said
Those tender words, a last farewell
To her whom duty would impel
To bide her fate, that awful hour
When great and small alike must cower.

But Can now urged, "No more delay;
For night is swiftly chased by day"—
And while alone the priestess took
That narrow path again, Can's look
Was searching eagerly the dark
Where forth they ventured to embark—
Itzat by Nalah's side,
While Can the fair Pelopa led—
Her mind unparted from the dead,
Great Atlas deified.

Kadimo too and little Cho,
The only child with these to go,
Awaited where the small boat lay
In shadow, safe from every ray,
In trusty rowers' care,
Whose vigorous strokes would quickly gain
The vessel riding on the main
And wooed by breezes fair.

A fleecy veil each star enshrouds;
The moon is wading thro' the clouds—
But stealthily upon them creep
Stout villains who in silence leap
To seize the princess. Swift as light
The rowers hasten to the fight.
Now clashing steel rings deadly blow
As fierce they grapple, foe to foe.
Can's dagger thrusts the hardy breast
Of him who would the princess wrest
From Itzat; plucks it forth again
All reeking with its crimson stain
And drives it thro' a cursing knave,
The heart of his dear son to save,—
While Itzat, striking right and left,
Fells others, soon of life bereft

The victory won was swift and sure,
For love aids courage to endure,
And, save one lusty sailor dead,
The fugitives, tho' wounded, fled—
Lest other minions should appear
Ere from the shore the boat could clear.
Unseen the dead and wounded lay
No more to greet the light of day;
While bleeding men the oars applied
To reach the waiting vessel's side.

The first on deck was nimble Cho
Who cried, "Good Can is there below
With those who sail this night;
Scarce one but has a wound that bleeds

And urgently your succor needs
So sorry is their plight."

Strong arms their prompt assistance gave
The valiant and the fair to save,
And soon each fainting hero found
Repose. Then tenderly were bound
The stabs, by Can and Kadimo;
And generous wine restored life's glow.
By leaves, whose surface smooth could yield
A tender magic, wounds were sealed;
And drowsing balms from nature culled
To sleep each sufferer gently lulled.

But Can and Kadimo were strong
Tho' not unscathed, and all night long,
While favoring winds filled every sail,
Both watched and tended Itzat pale,
Whose fluttering breath was near to fail;
While for him grieving Nalah wept
As slow the hours of danger crept.
But life obeys a potent force
When love would hold it on its course;
And as the sun rose o'er the deep
Death fled before life's balmy sleep.

The great ship sped before the wind—
Its port the land where Can would find
A thousand stalwart arms to toil—
Good men who, fleeing dangerous soil,
Abroad had gone with sisters, wives,
And youths whose force in active lives
Would seek expression, and renew
Their powers as each maturer grew.

But parting looks must lingering dwell
On shores that fade—Farewell, farewell!
Dear land our fathers loved, most blest!
Fair valleys, mounts with snowy crest;
Sweet waters, clear and purling streams,
Whose ripples float to us in dreams.

Upon the ocean's fickle way
Becalmed ere long the good ship lay;
And when the welcome gale at last
Arose, it swelled to tempest blast;
Till, as the sunless daylight waned,
The sails were rent and timbers strained.
From dark to dawn the seamen bold
Strove lustily against the cold
And moaning winds that would assail
Their ears, like agonizing wail
Of giants tortured unto death,
For mercy pleading with each breath.
How bitter is the icy blast
That pierces to the soul at last—
Relentless cold! thy hateful touch
Is close allied to Death's grim clutch;
Detested thou amid the woes
That fate on suffering life bestows.

Loud shriek the winds, and howl despair
While crashing thunders roar—Beware!
And fiery bolts from lightning shaft
Are hurled upon the quivering craft.

Now Heppel, never self-forgiven,
Cries out, to madness nearly driven,—
“Ye thunders, rend the skies! Flash, flash,
Ye lightnings! Roar ye winds, and lash
The billows into fiercer strife—
Let raging storm engulf my life!”
Despair his vitals tear again
Since out upon this seething main
The beings loved by Atlas great
Are menaced with disastrous fate.
Thus on the heaving deck he stood
Petitioning the death he wooed.
Him Can restored to saner thought—
For tho' the storm much havoc wrought,
It passed like other storms before,
And onward sailed the ship once more;
While smiling Nature won the mind

From thrilling dangers left behind.
While Itzat on the deck reposed,
His eyelids dreamily half closed,
'Twas Nalah who beside him stayed
Quite still, to weary him afraid.

Upon the sad Pelopa's brow
The light of hope spread not its glow;
For constantly she mourned her dead;
And Can unto his student said—
"If grieving saps from day to day
Her strength, life too must ebb away."

Kadimo tender care bestowed
On them whose blood had freely flowed;
And little Cho his aid would lend
Obedient to his guide and friend.

Fair winds now filled the sails and sped
The ship, while ancient tales were read
By Can, from out a treasured tome,
Of Mu, the lost but well-loved home.
These records told how long ago
Had been submerged by ocean's flow
A goodly portion of that land,
Waves rolling high above the strand
Where hills of mud and mounts of fire
Had spouted forth disaster dire;
And from that time beneath the main
Grand cities lost to view had lain.

Kadimo, hearing, sadly mused,
With melancholy oft infused—
"How wretched is the fate of man!
Existence galls, tho' brief its span;
For every smile that joy bestows
On us, we suffer untold woes."

No sooner was the thought expressed
Than, smiling, Can himself addressed
To banish from the youthful mind
Its gloom, and better reason find

In Nature's moods, if bad or good,
By mortals little understood:—
"For tho' life bringeth grief and pain,
If some the cup of anguish drain,
While sorrow broods upon the earth
Compassion ever comes to birth.
The skies are blue above our head
Far oftener than with storm-clouds spread.
We view creation, but it keeps
Unfathomed truths within its deeps.
This dazzling gem, called life, betrays
A flaw, we think, amid its rays.
Perchance beneath the flaw we see
A glorious light may hidden be."
Existence many joys will give
When mortals learn the way to live;
To love, to work, to earn repose;
To feel how warmly friendship glows;
To see on all sides passing by
What loveliness invites the eye.
When man is noble, good and just,
He tempers Nature's hardy thrust;
A kindness done to aught that moves
The universal love approves.
Look upward, not in sadness down;
On sunlight, not the shadow's frown."

While each his thoughts expression gave
The vessel safely plowed the wave,
Till Zinaan's lovely isles were neared,
Upon whose verdant shores appeared
Men, women, children, everywhere
On land, amid the meadows fair;
While vessels gaily came and went
For profit, or on pleasure bent.
Here water sweet the voyagers found,
And wholesome products of the ground,
Then journeyed on apace
To reach the very ancient strand
Called Mayach, the fatherland
Of Atlas' noble race.

At last from heavy seas and gales
Escaped, the brave men furled their sails,
While every eager foot the sand
Soon pressed upon the promised land.
The land of beauty far behind
Awaits its doom. No ties now bind
These venturers unto what they've left—
For here, of luxury bereft—
They'll fashion from their brain and brawn
A kingdom where new hopes shall dawn.

The forests soon with voices ring,
And sturdy arms keen axes swing
Where sons of industry stand forth
To prove their courage and their worth
In building homes and halls of state
Where Wisdom should on Justice wait.
From Nature's crude supplies alone
Mind fashions all that mortals own:
To man the earth its bounty yields
In metals, wood, and stone; he wields
His forces; fire and water lend
Their welcome aid to serve his end.
All objects, little, great, or fine,
That human genius may design,
Must ever be a protean birth
That springs from water, fire, and earth.

No mountain hath this ancient land
To send its fire upon the strand
The virgin forests and the plain
Are level as the surging main.
No rivers on the surface speed
To where the ocean currents lead;
But far below the soil there stream
Deep waters where blind fishes gleam
In caverns vast whose walls are formed
Of shells long turned to stone,
Tho' once in watery vast they swarmed
Beneath the tempest moan.
Here too fantastic shapes appear

And garlands marble white
That droop where pinnacles uprear
Within that home of Night
Where orgies dwell and evil sprites,
Defending their abode
From mortals who would find delights
Where healing streamlets flowed
To lakes whose placid waters spread
Where valor never yet hath led.
Tho' rivers none above the ground
Appear, vast circling wells are found—
Below whose deep and sloping brink
Clear sunlit waters stay;
Here panting leopards crouch to drink
When night enshroudeth day.
To such a spot, where water pure
Is found to fill all needs
And each infirmity to cure,
The wise Can onward leads.

Anon foundations broad are reared
Of solid earth and rock
That may resist the trembling feared
From Homen's awful shock.
Of marble, ready to the hand,
The builders fashioned temples grand
And palaces that might defy
The centuries as they flitted by.

Nor gold, nor orichalcum red
Within that soil had made their bed,
Nathless, the mazy sculptures wrought
In sacred emblems, precepts taught
By learned men,—and bold designs,
Appear as from Mu's richest mines
Brought here to gladden every eye—
For ardent red and golden dye
Abound beneath the sunny sky
Of Mayach the old:—
Ix-Chel her glories forth had sent

Throughout the years untold,
To trees, that of their bounty lent
In lustrous hues, that feigned the gleam
Of orichalcum's ruddy beam
Or ray of burnished gold.

While art and industry kept pace
To build and beautify the place,
Some men of wisdom council held,
Consulting how the state to weld
In bonds of lasting brotherhood,
For universal strength and good.
The people with acclaim desired
That he who had the state inspired
As monarch there should reign;
For none his goodness could assail,
And none appeal without avail
Who justice would obtain.

"Propitious is thy name, O Can!"
Exclaimed a venerated man—
Tho' brief in sound 'tis fraught
With meanings that are gifts of power,
Our learned ones have taught—
These gifts thou wilt upon us shower."

No gorgeous rite nor pageant gay,
No feasting, marked the happy day
When Can was hailed, by hearts sincere
And words of truth, as sovereign dear.
"Simplicity," he said,
"Must guide within this new domain
Where Fate our steps hath led.
Forget the luxury and the vain
Conceits that breed a million wrongs
In vicious ways where misery throngs."

To tranquil days and joyous thought
The princess once again is brought,—
For youthful hearts must glow
With hope revived when love conspires

His rosy flame to throw
Upon the one that he inspires
With ardor to bestow
The self on Nature's altar vast,—
Where myriad creatures, snared, must cast
Them down to satisfy her greed
Insatiate;—unending need
Of countless shapes that live their day
And back to Mystery find their way.

Lord Itzat on his conquest bent
Pleads well, and not in vain,
With Nalah who erstwhile had lent
A hearing to that strain
In days of blissful promise; now
The winsome maid renewed her vow,
Disdaining other suits to heed—
Of noble chieftains come to plead.

To be continued.

EFFECT OF BELIEF IN ONE'S STATEMENT.

I have heard an experienced counsellor say that he never feared the effect upon a jury of a lawyer who does not believe in his heart that his client ought to have a verdict. If he does not believe it his unbelief will appear to the jury, despite all his protestations, and will become their unbelief. This is that law whereby a work of art, of whatever kind, sets us in the same state of mind wherein the artist was when he made it. That which we do not believe we cannot adequately say, though we may repeat the words ever so often. It was this conviction which Swedenborg expressed when he described a group of persons in the spiritual world, endeavoring in vain to articulate a proposition which they did not believe; but they could not, though they twisted and folded their lips even to indignation.

—Emerson, "Spiritual Laws."

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

BOOK IV—PART II.

(Continued from page 59.)

Among the men that willing dared
The deep to cross, was one
Who what he owned had freely shared
And every danger run,
Partaking in this enterprise
To found an empire new
Where valiant sons might soon arise
And virtues stern imbue:
A priest was he, and well inspired
With learning of his creed—
Much wisdom patiently acquired
Thro' years of thought and deed.
On him good Can, the king bestowed
The rank of pontiff; thus endowed
He will the lovely Nalah mate
With Itzat, heir to royal estate—
"As he for wisdom long hath striven,
Unto his years be honor given."
The king ordained, and every voice
Hailed Tohil as the monarch's choice.

The dear betrothed of Atlas dead
Learned not to smile again; grief fed
Upon her heart, and dimmed the face,
Once rosy, with a tender grace.
Beholding this, Can ever strove
To gratify her faithful love,
And now the dame besought—
"Would'st thou, dear lady, see arise
Ere other works be wrought,
A monument to glad thine eyes,—

In memory of our Atlas great,
Erected in this new-born state?"
Pelopa answered, "Yea, good Can"—
At once the laborers began
To build foundations where would arise
A temple to the mighty Kin,
And there an altar, shrined within,
King Atlas would immortalize.

Within this temple, scarce begun,
The princess and the monarch's son
Ahe wedded by Tohil, the Just,
Rejoicing in his sacred trust.

Within the woods trooped lads and maids
To gather from the forest shades
The brightest flowers and clinging vine
That slender fingers might entwine,
To deck with garlands hall and fane,
While joy in every heart must reign;
Sweet copal too its fragrance there
Is wafting on the balmy air.

Upon that most auspicious day,
While all the populace were gay,
Itzat his bride unto him drew
To hear the vows he would renew.
And now within her hand he placed
A gem. Once only had it graced
Her slender form. All smiling she
Exclaimed, "How came this unto thee?"

"When I by Gadeirus was sent
As envoy of his government,
This gem found me in Lobil's name,
With lying words that sought to blame
A maiden pure and true—
Declaring she the gift bestowed
On him for whom her heart now glowed.
His villainy I knew,
And not a sign the knave received

Anent the bauble he had thieved—"
"Nay, nay," the bride at this breaks in,
"Lobil committed not this sin;—
The jewel, from my raiment lost,
Upon the marble floor was tost
That very night when joyously
This token I received from thee.
But thou, my Itzat, well hast proved
Thy perfect faith in her who loved
Thee well, Distrust cannot assail
That heart where faith prevail."

Her gaze upon the bauble set,
The princess sighs, "Could I forget
That eve so filled with sunny joy?
Alas! that fate could so destroy
Those happy days, forever fled
When I beheld my father dead.
O Itzat! let my sorrow find
A refuge in thy heart so kind—
This land unbeautiful and drear
But keeps alive the memories dear
Of that grand realm where every bliss
Was found, that here we constant miss.
How sad the change! Our palace there
Was stored with objects fine and rare:
While here naught lovely greets the eye—
Ah, would that hence we two could fly;
Chastise that evil man, and reign
In our dear palace once again!"

While she laments the king draws near
And smiling says, "The words we hear
Proclaim that ere a day goes by
Our bride is eager to comply
With mandates by Tohil expressed—
Since now she hath herself confessed.
Ah! daughter, turn thee from the past—
Rejoice that here thy lot is cast;
Glad years and happiness on thee
Await, from enemies quite free.
Not so in yonder land

Where desolation soon will be
From mountain-peak to strand.
What knew the princess in her bower
Of wretches, who forsaken cower,
Despairing, ill, unfed;
Of morals crushed by evil power
And into bondage led.
In that far land of luxury
A million creatures daily plead,
Amid the opulence they see,
For succor in their urgent need,
These hapless ones will cease to groan
When rich and poor alike shall moan
And Mu herself be overthrown."

While hopeful life stirred everywhere
More pale and wan Pelopa fair
Became. The king beholding grieved
With Kadimo—"Be not deceived
I pray," said he, "Once wholly round
The sun we've rolled since Atlas found
A place among the hosts who bide
Where evil chance may not betide.
Her sorrow yet no respite knows;
More languid day by day she grows,
And life is drawing to its close."

E'en while he spake a maiden pale
Came running to his side—
"Ah! Majesty, Pelopa frail
Is dead!" she weeping cried.
"Alas!" the king exclaimed, and sped
Where faithful Yanyan, sobbing, led.

Upon her couch the bride of Death
A marble statue seems; the breath
Scarce flutters in the heart whose love,
To find its mate, must soar above.
Kadimo eager was to aid
The lovely one; but Can forbade
The breaking of that peace
That o'er each sense so calmly glides

THE WORD

As nearer draws the power that guides
 The soul to its release—
 When lo! the watchers see those eyes,
 Within whose deeps shine glad surprise,
 Unfold their drooping lids—
 As lotus-bud that sleping lies
 Awakes if sunlight bids—
 And O, the glory of those orbs!
 Whose ecstasy each gaze absorbs.

“Heart of my heart!” the lady sighed,
 “Ah! well knew I thou had’st not died:—
 Thy face beloved I see again.
 O Can, for thee a happy reign
 Begins. Mourn not, dear Nalah, Fate
 Hath frowned; her smiles on thee await;
 Thou’lt long survive thy place of birth,
 Doomed soon to disappear from earth.
 Pelopa lingers not; her joy
 The head of Death cannot destroy.
 My body place upon the pyre
 When sunrays meet the leaping fire”—

With sobs each swelling bosom heaved,
 And Nalah swooned, thus sore bereaved;
 While Heppel, driven to despair,
 Again would self-destruction dare—
 Kadimo barred his way:—
 “Withhold!” said he, “thy hands restrain;
 Recall thy promise to refrain
 From casting off this clay.”

Then Heppel, “Verily I gave
 My word; and grieving here must dwell;
 Altho’ my heart and soul rebel;
 But from no danger will I save
 Myself, since death my sorrow crave.”

Before that temple late begun
 In homage to the mighty sun,
 The couch of liberation high
 Was raised, of fragrant cedar dry.

Thereon, in virgin white arrayed,
Pelopa, beautiful, was laid;
Her lily hands, smooth brow and cheeks,
Like snow upon Atlantean peaks.
The holy, purifying breath
Of fire will banish icy death;
While priests their requiems chant aloud
'Mid lamentations of the crowd;
The hungry flames forbid the way
To earth-assoiling, slow decay:—
When sinks the sun below the west,
Pelopa's but a memory blest.

A piteous sight is Nalah's grief;
But tender sympathy relief
Bestows upon her buoyant heart—
Life's sunshine bidding woe depart.
Fond dreams their pinions wave o'erhead
When Joy and Innocence are wed.

From dawn to dark industrious hands
Obey the architects' commands,
As round a vast and central place
White marble structures rise apace—
Upon the east that temple high,
The mighty orb to glorify.
Broad avenues are formed close by,
Of columns cunningly inwrought—
That generations might be taught
Of virtuous kings who long had reigned
Ere Gadeirus, daring all, had gained
The Sacred Height, by murderous deed,
To sate his own ambitious greed.
These pillars side by side uprose
To mark the years thus made to close
By crime that none could trace;
And to the nation bringing woes
Unnumbered, and disgrace.
But these true records, stone on stone,
Three lustrums thence were overthrown
By earthquake, when great Mu went down;—

And in the ages yet unborn
 The rambler in those halls forlorn,
 Admiring would demand, amazed,
 What force those piles of blocks had razed.

As Cho had loved to watch the throng
 Of city streets the whole day long,
 So now, such times as he can play
 For him too swiftly pass away,
 Beholding *alux*, while these slave,
 All skillfully, the stones to grave;
 For eager are these pigmy bands
 To see designs grow 'neath their hands.
 So close the lad observed one day,

A dwarf named Haleb spoke:—

“Thou art as big as I—Why stay

So idle? Give a stroke

Upon that stone and learn the way

Its voices to evoke.

Our ears are pleased the whole day long

In listening to its cheery song.”

Now gives he implements to Cho

Who earnestly essays

To cut a line, for he would show

How gladly he obeys.

Thenceforth each day a little while

In graving stone he will beguile.

His Butterfly Cho dreams of still,

Exclaiming oft, “Return I will

And bring my Pepen to this land

Where she a home will find;

Its stones well carved by this my hand

All prettily designed.”

To be continued.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 122.)

Among the maidens who had fled
From Mu, believing in its dread
Inevitable fate—foretold
By seers who could events behold

Long ere these came to pass—
Was one of Princess Nalah's age,
Arona named—by parentage

Derived from lowly class;
But dowered by beauty, precious gift!
And joyous smiles that could uplift
The heart by sorrow weighted down,
Or eyes o'ershadowed with a frown.
This maiden Kadimo beheld

With favoring thought, and strove
To win the tender glance withheld,
And stir her heart to love.

Responsive, sympathetic, gay,
Her mind to joy will ever stray.
Not lighter springs the agile fawn
Awakening at the blush of dawn
Than trip Arona's pretty feet
When forth comes she the morn to greet.
Her joy exhales upon the air
Like fragrance from a blossom rare.
What marvel then if Balba too,
Bold man-at-arms dares also woo
This damsel kind, whose modest mien
Must shield her as a sacred screen.

But, welcome as the dew of heaven,
Arona's virgin love is given
To Kadimo, whose reverie,
To sadness turned, she oft must see.

Dark Balba's rougher nature sought
Each pleasure life could bring,
His stubborn will and mind untaught
Not brooking anything
That might his keen desire oppose
Whate'er the source whence this arose.

Sad Heppel chanced to hear one day
Rude Balba swear to have his way
By force if soft persuasion failed
To win the maid for him;
And if another's suit prevailed
He would have vengeance grim.
Arona shunned the eager gaze
Of Balba's eyes, whose ardent rays
Seemed fraught with ill intent—
As threatening cloud its flash betrays
Ere by the storm 'tis rent.
Those eyes behold Kadimo place
A flow'ret where it most will grace
Arona's tresses, and her brow
Suffused become with rosy glow.
Thereafter as the days roll by
Kadimo's footsteps he will spy;
And soon it chanced one sultry day
When the physician strolled away
Within the forest shade,
In silence Balba followed near
With stealthy tread, where daylight clear
Deep foliage forbade;
And sudden forth a javelin hurled—
But missed his mark; then downward whirled
A shattered bough upon the ground:—
Kadimo, turning at the sound,
Surprised beholds the glare
Of piercing eyes upon him bent
In fixed and murderous stare,
Their charge of venom still unspent.
Impelled by jealousy and ire
Another shaft of death
Is sped, but as the missile dire
Is aimed to still the breath

Of Kadimo, a rushing form
Is there between the two,
And prostrate falls, his life-blood warm
Soon welling into view.

"Ah! man of blood!" Kadimo cried,
At Balba springing, "Rue this day
Shalt thou!" But as he reached his side
The murderer leapt and fled away;
While Heppel, dying, moaned, "Abide;
Approach; a parting warning hear."
Kadimo gently staunched the wound
And sorrowed, seeing death was near.
The victim faintly breathed each sound:—
"Beware! He loves Arona—I
Rejoice that duty bid me die.—
Great Atlas! unto thee I go;
Grant me at last myself to know
Forgiven of thee!" His parting sigh
Upon a zephyr floated by.

Far in the forest Balba went,
While curses on the air he sent;
In fear to turn his footsteps home,
Uncertain whither now to roam.
Here many dangers round him lurked
In serpent-fang and leopard-claw,
And pits wherein the dwarfs had worked
To delve for clay. But naught he saw
Beyond the shadows of his mind
That drove him to avoid mankind;
Regretting not the evil done,
But that no triumph had he won
In ending Heppel's harmless life
And rousing Kadimo to strife.

"I'll to the nearest coast," he thought,
And with the fishermen will earn,
The livelihood by others caught
From out the waves; I'll not return
To find the very death I gave,
Unwilling, to a meddling knave."

Thus musing comes he to a dell
That slopes unto a spacious well
By Nature fashioned there.
The fugitive his thirst to slack
Pursues a narrow winding track,
Suspecting not a lair.
But panting leopards shelter found
In grottoes dim;—these with a bound
Upon him leap: Ravenous and strong
They mumble o'er his bones ere long.
No mortal tongue will ever tell
The fate of Balba in that dell.

Time wings its flight into the deep
Eternity of endless sleep.
While Life forever seeks a womb
Death points the way unto a tomb.

The Can, whose years have multiplied,
Exults, for he has lived to guide
The infant empire to a state
Of welfare; now its future fate
Unto his vision seems to grow
Most happily; afar will glow
Its wisdom; centuries first will fall
Asleep ere Death will drop his pall
Upon the nation's bier. Thus spake
The king to Itzat, who would take
To heart the good of high and low,
Now Can must from his kingdom go—
To learn what mystery farther lies
Beyond the reach of mortal eyes.

Three lustrums tranquilly have sped
Since Nalah was to Itzat wed.
The grandsire peaceful sees the end
Of his most happy reign draw near,
Assured that Itzat will defend
The *right*, with judgment true and clear.
That spirit of prophetic gift
Again his spirit doth uplift
As in the days of yore,

And to the Land of Mu returns
 The gaze of Can once more;
 While tenderly his heart now yearns
 For one upon that shore—
 Manab who, faithful to her charge
 Still lingers on destruction's marge:—
 "And there," saith he, "will she remain
 Till Mu by Homen shall be slain,—
 Condemned to suffer fiery doom
 Till overwhelmed by watery gloom.
 Beneath the clear cerulean skies
 A realm of beauty tranquil lies;
 That country once to greatness nursed
 By Wisdom, now by Folly cursed.
 There, ruthless crime and evil power
 Must reign until the destined hour
 That surely comes, when ocean's bed
 Will be invaded by the dead
 Distorted forms of them who now
 As tyrants lift their haughty brow;
 While just below their strutting feet
 The devastating forces meet
 To overthrow what man hath wrought,
 And bring proud Mu herself to naught;
 Her mountain-tops alone may peep
 Above the waters of the deep.

"From that dread scene I turn to thee
 My son, and Nalah dear—
 Thou, ere tomorrow dawn, wilt be
 A queen. Weep not, but hear
 What counsel may be granted ere
 I go beyond all earthly care.
 Thou, child, art mother of a race
 That, east and west shall leave its trace—
 By light of knowledge spread afar,
 Not by the arts of ruthless war.
 Behold on yonder Land of Mu
 What tyranny the people rue.
 Excesses, poverty, and crime
 Undreamed of in the olden time,
 Have sapped the virtue and the weal

Of millions; but their woe shall end
When fire and sea the earth will rend.

"My son, forget not our request,
But follow in the footsteps blest
Of noble men. Let justice guide
Thy will. Keep ever near thy side
As councillors the good and wise—
Thus only can the nation rise.

Oppress no man. Example give,
Thy subjects; live as they should live.
Do thou and thy sons after thee
Fail not to urge *simplicity*;
For history shows that nations gone
Have found disaster, every one,
Thro' greed of wealth and luxury
While many suffered penury.
Be wise; thy people strive to lead
Aright; that unto all
Who worthy prove in word and deed
A just reward shall fall.
When sympathy forgets to glow,
The torch of Wisdom flickers low.
Far better miss each selfish aim,
And take defeat in life's brief game,
Than reach the goal by trampling o'er
Our fellow mortals frail and poor."

'Tis thus the Can, while life endures,
Entreats that son, who him assures,
That he will steadfastly fulfill
These last expressions of his will—
Till just before the break of day
The Lord of Death him bore away.

Dark sadness on the people fell,
And ululations loud would swell
The bosoms of the multitude
When they his flaming pyre reviewed.
But human sorrows quickly fly
When ready tears o'erflow the eye.
The populace expends its grief

In noise, and early finds relief
 In noise again, their laughter high
 Intruding on the sobbing cry.

But Itzat, now the ruling Can,
 Mourns deeply for that noble man;
 And Nalah long the loss bewailed
 Of him whose wisdom never failed
 To rescue her from threatened ill,
 And with content her days to fill.
 Her offspring were the only trace
 Of Atlas, and her royal race
 Long held its empire on the strand
 By Egypt's sons called Kui-land;—
 That "West," whose rulers, deified,
 Were ever with the gods allied.

Not many moons have come and gone,
 Since Can the First new life hath won,
 When ships from yonder fatherland
 Cast anchor with a goodly band
 Of hardy men and women brave
 Who venture forth upon the wave
 To find new homes where tyranny
 And evil plotters may not be.
 Of Mu and what events befell
 These new arrivals had to tell;
 And so it chanced that Pepen's name
 Unto the ear of Cho soon came.

Cho, grown to manhood's full estate,
 Will seek, and save from horrid fate,
 The one who was a generous friend
 When he himself could not defend—
 E'en tho' she be the courtesan
 Of one who shames the race of man—
 Her steps in tender girlhood strayed
 To Folly's path, by Fate betrayed.
 'Tis Gadeirus who holds her now,
 Cho hears and, sad, inclines his brow.

A busy world left he behind
 When forth he sailed with favoring wind:—

The blacks from distant Afric's shore
Mild servitude un murmuring bore;
With burdens to and fro went they
From dawn until the close of day,
When every worker dropped his tool
And rested in the zephyrs cool.

Until the land of Mayach seems
A shadow on the water bright,
Cho watches from the deck and dreams,
That soon again 'twill be in sight.
'Tis well that rarely mortal eye
May peer into futurity—
For while youth happily awaits
Dear Joy, on come the frowning fates.

BOOK FIFTH.

Part I

Awake! awake! the Mighty One
Triumphant hath his course begun—
Arise! Receive the light that he
Again bestows on land and sea.

Thus call the watchmen from afar;
Sing too the sentinels of war;
While song-birds hail the morning bright
And prowlers slink away with night.

Now rapidly the broad highways
Are thronged—for on this day of days,
The greatest city of the earth
Must ring with victory and with mirth.
Ships laden with the richest spoils,
And capitives noble, in the toils
Of Mu's triumphant bands,
Lie at the docks, their hempen coils
Made fast by eager hands:—
The hands of stalwart, lusty, braves
Who spent their time with valor bold
In battling with the stormy waves,
Nor cared how high the billows rolled.

But when unto the land returned,
 Restraint their ardent natures spurned,—
 And wilder than the ocean spray
 The sailors revelled night and day
 Not far from where the shipping lay,
 With those who lures attractive set
 To make the hardy men forget
 Themselves, their duty, and their pains,
 Until deprived of all their gains.

But on this day both low and high
 Must see the pageant passing by.
 Each road and stately avenue
 Presenting now a splendid view.
 Great halls of justice and of state
 Where wise and foolish share debate.
 High temples sacred to the sun,
 And famous towers that foes would shun;
 Broad esplanades and shady groves,
 Whose paths the dreamy student roves;
 The courts where ardent youths compete,
 That loud applause their ears may greet;
 All these are now in grand array
 To celebrate a joyful day.
 But words could never serve to tell
 The splendor and the magic spell
 That made a scene of beauteous joy
 With not a shadow of alloy.

Perchance some sterner mind
 Remembered that the surface fair
 Removed, would lay dark misery bare,—
 But vulgar souls are blind.

The pageant on its course rolls by
 And not a tear bedews an eye
 In that proud multitude at sight
 Of captured heroes; they whose plight
 May well evoke a smothered sob,
 Or from some heart a quicker throb;—
 Brave warriors, fair, and nobly built;
 Charged not with any act of guilt,
 But unto serfdom mean betrayed—
 Against them all this host arrayed.

To be continued.

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS.—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON

(Continued from page 186.)

O heart of man! how dark a scroll
Thy history must to view unroll!
But in the stern Athenian breast
Hope keeps alive its ray most blest,
That future days will make them free,
And they once more their home may see.

On winds the long and glittering show,
The triumph swelling with its flow;
While trumpet, flageolet, and lyre,
Shrill pipes, and clashing cymbal, higher
 Their brazen voices send
Unto the heavens; yet wilder dance
The bacchants, and the horses prance
 As voices loudly rend
The air with shouts, from lusty throats
Not tuned to give melodius notes.
The whitest elephants, revered,
And sacred bulls, here, too, appeared,
With garlands woven round their horns,
While cloth of gold the back adorns
Of they whose trumpet tones are said
To rouse the souls of mortals dead.

From every vantage ground sweet flowers
Are tossed by lovely hands from bowers;
And if a blossom chance to light
Upon a hero te'en in fight,
A searching glance now upward turns
To meet a fleeting look that yearns
With sympathy for valiant foe
Who into servitude must go.

Perchance the Lady Nenuphar
May save this blue-eyed son of war.

As hotter fall the ardent rays
Of Kin upon the broad highways,
More boisterous grow the surging crowd,
While swells the music, ever loud,
And no one in the multitude
Perceives the rumblings that intrude
Below their restless feet—
The earth, that palpitating oft,
Its menace sendeth up aloft
All triumphs to defeat.

As now the king of day ascends
His lofty dome, in homage bends
The human mass, whose footsteps turn
To temples many, wherein burn—
On altars of the purest gold
And ruddier orichalcum old,—
The sacred fire, from out the sky
Procured each year, ne'er left to die.
For now in every holy place
The priests a multitude will face,
And empty sound, to still enslave
And strive with gorgeous show
The devotees whose gold they crave,
Pretending all to know.

The temple dancers, too, must aid,
And each seductive, beauteous maid
Her pretty hands will clap, to beat
The measure for her agile feet.
With voices musical are blent
The tinkling sistrums whose ostent
Is rich and beautiful to see,—
Clear bronze inlaid with ivory.
The rumbling of the tunkul drum
Makes every lesser voice seem dumb,
But agitates and re-inspires
The dancer who of motion tires.

Now brazen gongs, resounding loud,

THE WORD

Make known to all the host within
 That expiation of their sin
 Is granted, since the culprits vowed
 Rich offerings to the gods who heard,
 For them, the priests petitioning word.
 From those whose lives have been effaced
 Some spoils are on the altar placed;
 While to the lofty arch goes up
 Sweet incense from the sacred cup;
 And priests in gorgeous robes intone
 Their ritual, while the tunkuls moan.

Now drowsing vapors slowly creep
 Above the dancers till they sleep
 Where they have drooped, and must remain
 Till they from dream-land come again.

Surpassing other temples, one
 Was consecrated to the sun,—
 Magnificent its roof of gold
 Whose worth was often proudly told.
 As now the populace withdrew,
 The priestess Manab passing thro'
 This temple vast, emerged before
 The portal, on a marble floor
 Which led by spacious steps below;
 Here, lighted by the midday glow,
 The priestess paused to gaze
 Upon the agitated throng
 As back and forth they surged along
 The streets, with light ablaze.
 The while she stands so pensive here,
 Upon the steps are gathering near
 Observant ones who see her white
 And slender figure on the height—
 For Manab lives revered by all;
 And soon a voice is raised to call:—
 "Behold! th' Exalted One!
 To Atlas sister; Good and Great
 Was he. Alas! that cruel fate
 His life too briefly spun."

This hearing, Manab thinks a sign
From *him* hath come. Her smile benign
Is turned to those who look her way.
The will of Atlas to obey,
She now exhorted these to strive
To keep some virtues yet alive
Within this city soon to fall,
When none may rescue great or small.
But most she pleadeth for the poor
Petitioning at every door.
"Behold this show of wealth that stares
Upon the face of Want, and dares
Withhold the pittance it entreats
Wherever want with luxury meets:
Regaled are those who feel not need;
Begrudged are they who hunger plead.
O ye, who reap the earth's full fruit,
Brief now the time ye may dispute
Upon the meagre dole bestowed
Where charity once broadly flowed.
Go! seek the dens starvation haunts—
Where constant need the bravest daunts.
Relent! give freely of your store;
The end is near, for rich and poor."

This theme is touched and that, while all
Seem spellbound at her earnest call.
Of war priestess too now spake,
And of the mothers' hearts that break—
"While thousands die and thousands slay—
But soon the gods will join the fray,
To crush this power degenerate
That aims to overthrow each state."
She pauses, and a man of years
Cries out, "Yea, yea, the climax nears—
At last, great priestess thou hast come
To voice the truth too long kept dumb."

Another begs they may be told
If she could in the stars behold
The awful fate she now foretold;
And Manab's swelling word rings out
To find the ear of all about:

"Say I the stars this thing declare?
 Nay, then! 'T is even I who dare.
 The days are few!—Do we our best
 To make our fellow creatures blest."

From out the throng a man approached
 Who matters doctrinal thus broached:
 "My faith goes not, Exalted One,
 To bow to yonder glowing sun;
 How small a cloud its face can hide!
 A storm its fullest powers deride."

But she: "When Light abandons earth
 No form will ever come to birth.
 The sun is our sustaining force—
 We live in its unerring course.
 The least and greatest, high and low,
 Must die without its ardent glow.
 The watchful bird within her nest
 Obedient yields to Life's behest,
 Productive force, whose quickening flame
 In bondage holds her tender frame
 While there she broods with wings outspread
 To guard Creation's mystic bed:—
 The fire-god breathing from above
 Awakens constant mother-love.

"The lofty tree whose shielding arms
 Protect the nest from rude alarms,
 Draws in thro' every swaying bough
 The beaming rays that will endow
 With buds and blossoms. Year by year
 The tree drinks life; in winter drear
 It sleeping bides the spring, still fed
 By warmth yon mighty orb hath sped.
 In Time's abyss the ages glide;
 The trees in silent darkness hide
 In mines profound, till virile hands
 Restore them to the upper lands
 Where, yielding, all its treasured rays,
 The tree a final joy conveys—
 The fire-god, preserver, smiles,
 And from dull care man's sense beguiles.

"The sower drops within the earth
Ripe grain, to find in death rebirth;
The clouds life-giving rains bestow;
The god of day sets all aglow.
The corn attains its stately height,
And mortals, gladdened by the sight,
The fire-god praise with heart and voice,
While in his bounties they rejoice.

"The mighty orb unceasing leads
Its circling worlds thro' starry meads—
But when the parent of our sky
Shall fade, its offspring too must die.
Resistless power in earthy deeps
Forever surges, roars, and leaps;
The bellows of a mighty force
Impel destruction on its course
To fire the mounts and shake the plains
Till nothing living there remains
The fire-god's all-consuming hand
Proud Mu will scourge, till o'er the land
The seas will rush, and every breath
Be strangled in the grasp of Death."

As from the height turns she away
Comes Cho, entreating her to stay.
With eager gaze and bowing low,
He says: "I do thy pardon crave;
But thou did'st aid us forth to go
When Can and Itzat went, to save
The princess Nalah, now our queen—"
The look bestowed on him is keen
And swift, but fails to find a trace
Of any well-remembered face,—
As he perceives, so ventures yet
To take the word, "Twere strange indeed
If thou my face did'st not forget.
For I, a little child in need
Was rescued from the dreadful haunts,
Where children suffer blows and taunts:—
Of those days only gratitude
Upon my memory must intrude."

THE WORD

Said Manab: "Yea, I saw thee go
With that young student, Kadimo,
And I adjure thee, turn once more
To find that safer, distant shore;
For here should none abide who love
This earth-life. Coming from above
Destruction will submerge this land
With all upon it, small and grand."

Now he: "Exalted One, I came
For that our wisemen know this same;
And I would save one friend at last
From watery grave and fiery blast;
The first and tenderest friend to bless
My helpless childhood and distress."

At this a glorifying tear
In Manab's eye springs pure and clear—
Then: "Hasten! Well dost thou, I ween,
To save thy friend, or great or mean.
Be not like yonder swarm who doubt
Our word and every warning flout.
The time is brief, most brief, we feel;
But vainly unto fools appeal.
So perish they! all deaf and blind,
Till ocean waves their bodies grind.
Delay not! Seek thy friend and go
Before the billows overflow."

But he: "I know not how to seek
The way with that kind one to speak.
In palace walls abides she now,
And kingly favor wreathes her brow.
Her path to come anear, perchance
Would be to dare the monarch's glance.
Ah! if thy wisdom would advise
Some measure that might safe disguise
The purpose treasured in my heart,
To venture I would now depart."
"Let not thy spirit be depressed,"
Thus she, "The simplest ways are best."

Soon comes he to the palace ground
Where many servitors are found;
And, questioned why he enters there,
Replies that for a lady fair
A message he hath brought; so past
This questioner and that. At last
He enters thro' a door where stand
The sentries in their armor grand
And sternly bar the way—
Some other entry must thou find,
For we our orders closely mind,
And none pass here this day."

"I care not if within I go,"
Cries he, "But Pepen is to know,—
For 't is her wish—that one she sought
Hath come, and of poor Cho hath brought
Good words; most gladly she'll repay
The messenger who this will say."
The sentries not a word reply;
But just within a maid goes by,
Who quickly has the words retold
And carried further by a bold
And handsome page, with promise sure
To share the recompense secure.

Can this most lovely woman be
The Pepen he hath come to see;—
The hungry girl in tatters mean
Transformed into a dazzling queen;—
His Butterfly in film of gold
And gems whose worth must be untold!

Himself to manhood nobly grown
To her could nevermore be known
Save by his word declared.
His face she eagerly doth scan
While maidens ever gently fan
Her beauteous form, half bared.
"Of Cho, thou bringest word?" she asks;—
While one, who in her sunshine basks,
Another questions by a sign,

And both their laughter must confine,
To think that mortal man can bear
A name unwelcome to their ear.

The guest in quiet tones now spake—
"Kind lady, I alone would make
The story known to thee; could these
Thy favored maidens, have release?"

She smiled half bitterly—
"In grand estate no freedom lies:—
Go further off, my pretty spies,
But keep me yet beneath your eyes
Lest Pepen strive to flee."

"And now, thy tale, of that poor lad
Who with me often wandered glad
In yonder ways where freedom wild
Seems joy unto the homeless child
Till hunger breaks the charm,
And pain close follows on the track
Of him who everything must lack,
And cruelty oft alarm."

He then: "Behold in me the boy
Whom Pepen kindness gave, and joy"—
Exclaims she now: "Thou, little Cho!
Ah! glad am I once more to know
Thy face," and from her couch would rise,
Her orbs alight with glad surprise.
But he: "Your courtiers on us gaze;
Not here as on the broad highways,
May each the other greet.
To save thee I from countries far
Have journeyed; there my friends all are;
And there a safe retreat
Thy presence waits. These hands of mine
Its walls have beautified as thine;
There, too, warm hearts will welcome thee,
All eager thy kind face to see,—
For I have told how in my woe
To Pepen might I ever go."

Within her eyes the tear-drops welled,
As quickly too were they repelled,
While he, unhesitating, still
Her mind with his desire must fill:
"I know not if unto thine ear
Have come those rumors of a fear
Long held in faith by those who can
Within divining mirrors scan
What signs and portents there unfold,
That Fate may give, and what withhold.
But I from boyhood days have heard
The scholars tell, and none demurred,
That Mu itself and all which here
Exists, was soon to disappear.
Our king who late in Mayach died—
For there since childhood I abide—
Beheld, when life was ebbing fast,
This land within the ocean cast,
And that with brief delay.
This morn the same hath Manab voiced
While crowds triumphantly rejoiced;
She bade me haste away
To seek thee and to save with speed,
Since thou did'st rescue me in need.
The land beyond this Sacred Height
In timid hearts awakens fright;
For scarce a day now finds its close
Without this earth betraying throes.
Perchance to-night or early dawn
May find us into havoc drawn."

He paused to eagerly await
The words that would decide her fate—
Nor waited long: "My life," she said,
"Unto myself and every one
Is worthless. All that I have done
Were best forgotten with the dead!
So vainly have I lived my day,
'T were pity to prolong my stay.
The Power that moulded me and cast
Me in this net will hold me fast
Beyond, or loose the trammels. What

Matters it—bide I or not?
 In chains of gold I live.
 Choice had I none, of what my path
 Should be, but if the present offer wrath,
 The future may forgive."

Entreating her he lingered yet:
 "To plead once more I will return
 Ere long; thou surely wilt not spurn
 My services, and brand regret
 Upon my life. Consent to flee,
 For overwhelmed this land will be.
 By every token"— "Hark! they call"
 Exclaimed Pepen, "Thro' yonder hall
 Gadeirus comes this way. Depart!
 This portal take,—and cease to grieve
 That thralldom I can never leave
 Till Death release me by his dart.
 But haste! I pray thee disappear—
 My tyrant-slave is very near."

To be continued.

TRUE ART IS SINCERE AND DIRECT.

I remember when in my younger days I had heard of the wonders of Italian painting. I fancied the great pictures would be great strangers; some surprising combination of color and form; a foreign wonder, barbaric pearl and gold, like the spon-toons and standards of the militia, which play such pranks in the eyes and imaginations of school-boys. I was to see and acquire I knew not what. When I came at last to Rome and saw with eyes the pictures, I found that genius left to novices the gay and fantastic and ostentatious, and itself pierced directly to the simple and true; that it was familiar and sincere; that it was the old, eternal fact I had met already in so many forms,—unto which I lived; that it was the plain *you and me* I knew so well, I had left at home in so many conversations.

EMERSON, "*Art.*"

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 246.)

PART II.

Atlantis! Who thy praise would breathe,
Surpassing beauty must inweave
With glories never dreamed before,
Or only dreamed on heavenly shore;—
Of valor which the sun-god loved
To watch, where his devout ones roved,
E'er guarding them within his ray,
To vanquish foes day after day;—
Of riches never seen on earth
Till Cleito brought her sons to birth,
And they by magic arts despoiled
Those treasures where the gnomes had toiled;—
Of wisdom wrested from the soul
Of all that is—mighty scroll
That future ages may unroll.
Then sing, O sing, great Mamiké!
While yet the sun can send his ray
Upon that wonder of the world,—
Ere back to chaos it is hurled.

In mirage we behold a day
Whose light, with tender radiance gay,
Reflects upon a scene of joy
(In seeming free from all alloy)
To gladden youthful hearts;
A lake whose perfumed slopes are set
With flowers the eye would not forget;—
And, culled from distant parts,
Exotics too here smiled to know
How warm the sun of Mu could glow;
How balmily the zephyrs fell;

While birds melodious must tell
Their love to listening mate.
Here every pulse of nature beat
With all the joys that earth may give;
Enchanting dreams in this retreat
Must move the heart to love and live
Where only pleasures wait.
The lilies on the water ride
All upward looking, golden-eyed;
Sweet lotuses, white, blue, and pink,
That naiads may together link,
Unseen below,—while water sprite
May revel there in soft delight;
And on the broad leaves silent creep
The midget tortoise, half asleep.
Bright warblers too alight and dip
Their beaks, the water cool to sip.

The Lake of Joy, called Pepen this—
For sadness ne'er could stay
With one who knew the dreamy bliss
Of yielding to its sway:
Its air entrancing, perfume-filled,
Had caught the breath of flowers that thrilled
The senses with their radiance sweet—
From heaven sent down, the earth to greet.
And everywhere soft laughter floats
In ripples, from the pleasure boats
That follow in kind Pepen's train—
Her court whose gaiety would wane
Not till the sun could nevermore
Reveal the broad Atlantean shore
Nor glorify those peaks of snow
That blushed beneath his ardent glow.
E'en now the city, long fore-doomed,
Might see afar, where grimly loomed
Volcanoes old, a column high
Of threat'ning smoke that sought the sky.
Her lovely eyes had Pepen raised,
And said, "'T were grander if it blazed."

Surrounded was the floating nest

THE WORD

Of Butterfly, who in her breast
 Was pondering deeply once again
 On him who yesterday in vain
 Had pleaded for her sake:—
 Familiar with luxurious ease,
 She felt no poorer life would please;—
 And not a word she spake
 To gay attendants seated by,
 Until at last with pensive sigh,
 She turned unto a maiden near,
 Exclaiming: "Sing thou, Alil dear,
 That plaintive olden lay
 Brought here from over seas of late—
 Anent the mockery of fate—
 That I forbade one day
 When thou its sadness had bemoaned."
 The maiden softly thus intoned:

SONG.

Dark Fate! thou mockest with thy sombre brow.
 The hopes of mortals, be they high or low;
 While seeming yet to leave a choice of way,
 Thy goad is ever there to urge or stay:
 But if one go, on him thou worketh ill;
 And if he stay, thy frown is darker still.

"Enough! No more! I like it not,"
 Cried Pepen, "It were best forget.
 Thou, Alil, banish from thy mind
 This sad lament, for it would bind
 With thongs of fear, and stay
 Endeavor on the road of life
 Where man should mingle with the strife,
 Each active call obey.

"Sing ye, my boatmen, sing of war;
 Sing loud! Awake the echoes here.
 Proud Victory crowns us near and far;
 Your voices blend, and let us steer
 Away from thoughts of craven Fear."

SONG.

Beat, beat the sacatan;
Louder thrill the drum.
Clash the cymbals; blow the trumpets;
Warriors eager come.
Shrill the pipes and strike the plectrum;—
Cowards linger, dumb.

Gird thy heart to win the battle;
Forward ever stand.
Give not back before the onslaught,
Nor withhold thine hand.
Die! but never homeward turn
To bear the coward's brand.

The beauteous Pepen now exclaimed—
While her imagination flamed—
"What awful sights must one behold
On battle fields when all is told!"
But Nenilich, seductive maid,
At once would chase the gathering shade,—
"Dear mistress, as the golden spray
Within this lily hides with day,
Yon wondrous orb of power divine
Its heart must kiss to make it shine
each morn; and on the banks of Nile,
Where once I dwelt a little while,
A pleasing melody I heard,
And took to memory with each word."

The lily Nenilich beheld,
Lay where her bosom gently swelled;
Her slender fingers were inlaced
About the arm of Pepen, graced
With raiment beautiful and rare,
And precious gems beyond compare;
Her boat of pleasure, too, was made
As gorgeous as her fancy bade:—
But never one who with her dwelt
Dependent, ever harshness felt.
With love she smiled on Nenilich,

THE WORD

Exclaiming: "Clever little witch!
 Sing now, for us, that song
 About the lotus—for, behold!
 The tender petals will enfold
 Its heart to sleep ere long."

SONG.

Fragrant chalice! alabaster
 On a stem of jadeite-green;
 A golden spray its beauteous center—
 Earth no lovelier flower hath seen.
 A poet sang—The sun-god sleeps
 Within the lotus pure and white;
 The drooping lily fondly keeps
 Till Morn awake, its god of light.
 Faint at last with love's emotion,
 Heart of gold vibrates no more—
 But wafted from creation's ocean,
 Back to heaven its love will soar.

"A pretty, tho' a vain conceit,"
 The Pepen cried, "But thou, my sweet,
 Shalt be rewarded for the lay,
 And for that thou art ever gay,"—
 Thus saying, from her smooth round arm
 She took a rich and valued charm
 To clasp it round the singer's wrist,
 Who bent her head, and softly kissed
 That hand which ne'er had done a wrong
 To aught that lived—nor weak, nor strong.

"Klemina! Be not sleepy-eyed:—
 Come, sing of love," now Pepen cried.
 A slave from Athens sighed: 'My thought
 Had drifted far away and sought
 The one whose absence I bewail—
 My mother who, without avail,
 I long to see; since harsh defeat
 My valiant countrymen still meet.

O Hellenes! thy shame to learn
Is anguish!—Yet would I return”—
Her mind but half expressed, she ceased
When Pepen—“Be thy heart appeased.

My promise unto thee,
To ask thy freedom from the king,
Deliverance unto thee will bring,—

Thou art a guest with me;
And of thy courtesy we pray
Of love now sing for us a lay.”

SONG.

Ah! Love, deceitful sprite,
Why comest thou to halt my hurrying feet?
With eager joy I pass thee by to meet
What things my heart delight.

Ah! Love, here at my side
I now entreat thee stay; for wanting thee
No happiness life giveth unto me;—
In thee will I confide.

Ah! Love, thou witching light,
Whose beams enticing led to many a net;
My heart thou fillest now with keen regret,
Departing from my sight.

Now Pepen “Boyhood, prime, and age,
In turn against the passion rage,
But life without it barren seems
Of joys that fill the poet’s dreams.”

Gay song and mirth resumed their sway
Beneath the rosy hue
Of silk that softened every ray,
And more enchantment threw
Within that bower, where everything
Must to the senses pleasure bring—
While lotus-wine and dainty sweet
Were served, the rosy lips to meet.

... ..

THE WORD

O'erbrimmed with joy the days that sped
 Where Pepen ruled her court;
 But ghastly were the fields of dead
 Where stubborn heroes fought.
 Who had the worst, and who the best?
 Pelopa, in such splendor dressed,
 Or they for triumph all athirst,
 And eager on the foe to burst?—
 Those hardy, ruthless, men of arms
 Who suffered torture and alarms,
 Were surely wearied less than she
 Who glitter constantly must see—
 The dame was thinking, and her mind
 Beheld again that visage kind—
 If he perchance would come
 Once more—So earnest grew her look
 That many on her gazed. She shook
 Her meditations off, and said,
 "Who hath a spell upon us shed
 To turn these maidens dumb?"
 Then laughter on the air rang out,
 While from the shore a watchman's shout
 Was heard. Said Pepen: "Homeward now
 Let those who follow turn each prow;
 Bid, too, the oarsmen in our train
 Rejoice us with a rowers' strain."

SONG.

We glide, we glide,
 Above the lake's unruffled tide.
 We row, we row,
 And smoothly o'er the surface go—
 Echo! echo!
 We sing, we sing,
 And lilies from the water bring.
 We love, we love,
 The golden radiance from above—
 O love! sweet love!
 We dip, we dip
 Our oars, and thro' the water slip.

We sigh, we sigh,
For life is swiftly flitting by—
Goodbye! goodbye!

So came unto the landing place
The pleasure craft. The populace
May not intrude too near.
Where courtiers in their fine array
Stand waiting ready to obey
The whims of Pepen dear—
Who now must be conveyed in ease
Within the palace gates, by these
Swift coursers; like the wind they race,
Their gilded hoofs devouring space.
Thus sees the friend from far away,
Yet waiting for a future day
Departure once again to urge
Away from Death's engulfing verge.
But Cho loves not the noisy street,
And he hath found a still retreat
Beyond the city's vale;
His simplest needs are there supplied
And there he roams in country wide,
Till he shall homeward sail.

A mountaineer who tills the soil
Beyond the city's mad turmoil,
Speaks thus to Cho who comes his way:
"This mountain wakes; but yesterday
Its horrid serpents came below
To die from many a vigorous blow.
Look up and see that crooked gap
Extending far adown its lap.
Old Homen oft hath stirred and rumbled
While we have labored on and grumbled.
This time he seems to settle not,
But aims to make his stronghold hot.
Long tremors move the earth since last
The moon her fullest orb hath past.
As now we near the month of Zac
Lord Homen may arouse his pack—
A mischief-breeding horde! And Ppa,

The Breaker, may not be so far
 Away; if once set loose then he
 Will havoc play, as all will see."

But ever rambling, pensive went
 The disappointed friend, intent
 On pleading ardently again;
 Still hoping that not all in vain
 Would be his journey to this land
 From Mayach, the ancient strand.
 While strolling on he chanced to meet
 A hermit, sandals on his feet.
 From Cho he learned about the land
 Where Can had led his little band
 In years gone by, and how the race
 Of Atlas there would hold the place
 Of rulers, and the sceptre wield
 With wisdom, and their subjects shield.
 Can's dying view of what must fall
 On Mu, destroying great and small,
 Was also told,—when thus the sage
 Attention wholly would engage:
 "A sulphurous fume offends the breath
 Of him who nears that mount of death
 To cull a certain flower the dame
 Pepen, kind wench of evil fame,
 Demands. The king, who naught denies
 To her, gives him who thus supplies
 The flower, a generous pay.
 This man, named Ruto, hesitates
 To scale again the crater's height,
 Where luring death perchance awaits
 To launch destruction and affright
 At no far distant day.
 Yon brooding monster heaves and snores,
 While like a mist his hot breath soars;
 And terrifying rumbles sound
 Below, a tempest in the ground.
 Great Homen's cauldron boils and bubbles,
 And warns us of approaching troubles;
 For, look you! late the venom'd snake
 That breeds aloft, where it doth make

Its home quite undisturbed, hath left
Those haunts in search of lower cleft
Where gliding to and fro are seen
Their gleaming coils of black and red.
Above, rich berries thick abound
To tempt adventurous feet; but dread
Of serpent-fang forbids the ground.
The shifting vipers show, I ween,
Disaster soon will leap from there—
Let those who nearby dwell beware.

“Yon peaks that to the clouds aspire
We glory in; ’t is said none higher
Are known to be upon the face
Of earth; they lend a stately grace
To this most favored land; more yet,
The lovely hamlets therein set,
The meadows, streams, and lakes, found there,
Attract the wealthy and the fair.

“Yon city o’er the plain outspread
Looks not aloft with thought of dread,
But pleased beholds on every hand
The towering peaks which guard this land,—
Upon the north from Winter’s breath,
That brings the blossoms early death.
Behold those giants east and south,—
Once they, from out each flaming mouth
Disgorged their inwards parts which spread,
Transforming Mu into a bed
Of death. So very long have they
In silent grandeur stood, to-day
None think they might again belch forth
Foul smoke, like Hakol on the north.
But they who sometimes lend an ear
To those for whom the future’s clear,
Distrust this slumber long and deep
Of craters out of which may leap
Destruction that within doth lie,
Increasing as the time goes by.”
He ceased, and left the flowery spot
To rest within his favorite grot.

THE WORD

Like smiling lips that silence keep
While treachery dark behind them sleep,
Those rounded cones by sunbeams kissed
Stood mutely where the valley mist
Reached not; but hid within them lay,
Awaiting their exultant day,
The brooding forces, storing fast
Great furnaces that would at last
Assert their awful, mighty birth,
By devastating all the earth.

Not many days had drifted by
When Cho went cityward to try
If he might now persuade the dame
To chance her life upon the sea,
Before the doom of promised flame
Should burst, as prophets could foresee.
But Fortune turned away averse
To his intent; he might not reach
The friend whose ear he would beseech—
Gadeirus frequent must converse
With her. Cho waited patiently,
But 't was decreed that never he
Again would reach her side to plead
That she from coming death might speed.
Here pause we, that tradition's page
A moment may our thought engage.

Athena, in the days long past
A state had founded, to outlast
The little nations that must die
Ere grown, and soon forgotten lie.
This daughter of great Zeus then
Her name bestowed upon the men
To her heart dear, and Athens throve
Protected by her power and love.

Of years a thousand rolled away
Ere she—upon the banks of Nile
Called Neith—again on earth would play,
Eternal leisure to beguile;
So founded Sais at the head

Of Egypt's Delta, whence the flow
Of Nilus to the sea must go.
Thereafter these fine cities both
Extolled her in each sacred oath;
While those who dwelt in Sais, claimed
Affinity with Athens famed.
The noblest and the fairest race
Were those of Athens. Every grace
The gods to mortal man could lend
Was theirs; for these could none transcend
 In excellence of laws;
In noble and in valorous deeds;
And in the wisdom that concedes
 Full justices in each cause.
In arts of peace triumphant they;
In war to none they yielded sway.
Their prodigies of valor set
A record time would not forget.

But greatest of these all, was told
Their action, marvellously bold,
When from the vasty deep beyond
Came forth a power to all oppress,
Enslave, and grant to none redress,
To cries for pity ne'er respond.
That empire vast o'er islands spread,
E'en to a distant continent;
In Lybia too and Egypt, dread
Seized those who 'neath its force were bent.
Athenian courage, skill, and arms,
Must quell forever these alarms—
Tho' allies their alliegiance broke,
A sterner valor this awoke;—
What hero recked of loss or gain
When Athens triumph would attain—
Extremities of cruel woe,
Calamities and deathly throe;
None faltered of those legions bold;
And never were their names enscrolled.
But in Olympus rang their praise
When out of overwhelming frays
They wrested triumph from defeat,

And saved from tyrant thrall
The hosts that waited awful fate;—
Those too with Heracles Gate
Were freedom given, all.
Alas! that in the Deluge near
These heroes were to disappear.

Atlantis aimed to overthrow
Athens and Sais at one blow;
That all the wealth within the Strait
Victorious greed might satiate.
And while triumphant pageants trod
Atlantean soil, on foreign sod
Untired legions, rank on rank,
Harassed the foe upon the bank
Whose slopes had oft been dark with blood;
Cleansed ever by the ocean flood.

Atlantis still would onward rush,
Nor pause until her power must crush
What nations dwelt within the gates
Of Hercules, whose wealth awaits
To gratify the lustful greed
That gorges while its victims bleed.

Atlantis, blessed with means untold,
And harboring within its fold
The sturdy ones of many lands,
Could muster countless willing bands.
The city crowned by sacred height
Gave nobly of its wealth and might;
For now combatants would be led
By princes whom the foe must dread.

Unstinted was the substance spent
To furnish those who seaward went.
Each city gave its generous share;
While Maya, chiefest one, had care
Ten thousand chariots to provide
With steeds, and others to bestride.
Unnumbered bows and arrows, slings,
Whose stones the victim earthward brings.

Swords long and short, broad axes, spears,
Are stored in every ship that clears;
Long javelins stack on stack were piled
By seamen who this task reviled.
Great catapults were safely stored
Within the vessels going abroad—
By hundreds these would plow the wave;
And triremes many, manned by brave,
Intrepid, toilers of the main—
All hoping to return again.
One great ship bore the dregs of earth—
Sent forth to die, or prove their worth:—
From out the prisons of the land
These felons, on a distant strand,
Would be vouchsafed a chance to win
Their life, or perish for their sin.
Thus sailed afar the prince, the knave
And warriors:—most would find a grave,
Or sink beneath the ocean wave.

DEGREES OF KNOWLEDGE.

There are all degrees of proficiency in knowledge of the world. It is sufficient to our present purpose to indicate three. One class live to the utility of the symbol, esteeming health and wealth a final good. Another class lives above this mark to the beauty of the symbol, as the poet and artist and the naturalist and man of science. A third class live above the beauty of the symbol to the beauty of the thing signified; these are wise men. The first class have common sense; the second, taste; and the third, spiritual perception. Once in a long time, a man traverses the whole scale, and sees and enjoys the symbol solidly, then also has a clear eye for its beauty, and lastly, whilst he pitches his tent on this sacred volcanic isle of nature, does not offer to build houses and barns thereon,—reverencing the splendor of the God which he sees bursting through each chink and cranny.

—EMERSON, "*Prudence*."

A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

BY ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 301.)

BOOK SIXTH.

PART I.

Atlantean ships are speeding now
Across the seas, and every prow
A triton has to point the way;
Or beauteous mermaid doth display
Her charms, most cunningly inwrought
By artists who renown have sought.
Gay pennons floating to the breeze
Make known what states contribute these
Good ships, whose taut and gallant sails
Are filled with balmy westward gales.
Triremes in order follow too
Urged forward by their willing crew—
For on these vessels great and small
Each man some glory hopes to win
On sea or land, amid the din
Of strife,—to triumph or to fall.
The ships sailed thro' Heracles Gate,
Not far within the famous strait;
And soon the way was bridged, to land
Where foes awaited on the strand,—
Contestants long and sorely tried;
Who vainly had on justice cried;
As vainly too for freedom died.
The power oppressive ever gained;
The tyrant on their soil remained.
So wearied, lost to hope they grew,
Beholding how their dead bestrew
The field, and how to slavery base
Must be reduced a noble race,—

THE WORD

That peerless Athens, undismayed,
Without allies, at last arrayed
Herself;—the cause of right to save,
Their valor all the noblest gave.

Thro' ages yet to come this bold,
Heroic deed must still be told.
Defeat had plucked from out the heart
Of cohorts many what of hope
They erst possessed; no further part
Would venture these; alone must cope
The Hellenes, by Athens led
Against aggressors staunch and dread.
Deserted by allies, at last
Great Athens all her valor cast
Upon the field and tossing wave,
To perish utterly or save
From captive doom a host o'erborne;
And other hosts from so forlorn
A fate preserve—heroic aim
That set each warrior's heart aflame.
The hated foe might countless be—
No man would falter, yield, or flee,
While led by Kaltoas, Athen's king,
Who triumph to the cause must bring.

Atlantis too her princes sped
Where blood in torrents must be shed—
Renowned for valor these:—
Beyond all others famed were two,
Mestro and Evamon, who slew
Untiring, to appease
Their greed insatiate for power,
For fame, and all that wealth can dower.

Atlantean shields and helmets shone
Where marshalled ranks went surging on
To meet the swift advancing foe
With lust of battle all aglow.
The fighters in the van defend
A numerous throng; on these depend
The chiefs to see their chariots placed

Upon the land, and featly graced
With right equipment; and their steeds
Safe brought ashore, with other needs.

While now the fighters hotly raged,
Not yet might be the strife presaged,
Till cohorts trained their forces bring
In spear and axe, in sword and sling.

Loud rang the air with sound
Of those who fought, and they who toiled,
That valiant foe might be despoiled
And unto serfdom bound.

On every side were orders shrilled,
And eagerly the fighters thrilled
To martial strains of pipe and drum,

Loud trumpets, cymbals, plectrums too,
As louder yet the summons grew
To win, or unto death succumb;—
While ready squiers the horses yoked,
And horses bitted; these were stroked
And soothed with kindly word,
For out upon the briny deep
The creatures, waking or asleep,
Were by discomfort stirred.

Beholding now the regal car
Of Evamon, who leads in war,
His legions count divine his cause,
Himself a god, and make no pause
To swell his serried ranks and press
Where most the enemies aggress;
His aids, all eager to beseech
What part will he vouchsafe to each,
Are restive as the steeds they ride—
So lately from the swelling tide.
Prince Mestro too defiant stands,
And proudly voices his commands—
His golden helmet, high, white-plumed,
His armor and his gleaming shield,
The weapons he is now to wield,
The glory of the sun consumed.
Kak-Upacat invokes he now,
And, triumph on his regal brow,

Drives on to lead the van—
Where ready hands have met the fray
Of Athens' men who naught could stay,
For these to glory ran.
"Kak-Upacat!" Atlanteans shout
Their war-god's name the ranks throughout;
The while Athenians, too, invoke
Their deities, and quick provoke
Fierce slaughter, counting not the foe
Advancing from the ocean's flow—,
For Kaltoas, Athens' king, leads on,
And Zeus loves this favored son.
Loud rings the clangour of the strife;
For now the sunlit air is rife
With arrows, steely pointed spears;
While flashing everywhere appears
The sword, the falchion, and the axe
That soon the feeble arm must tax.

With shouts of triumph, awful rise
The groans of they who agonize.
Then faster beats the sacatan
To stir the heart of every man;
The pipes increase their piercing shrill,
While trumpets blare and cymbals thrill.
Each hero feels the burning flush
Of war, and swears the foe to crush.

Upon the field, now back, now forth,
The legions press with swelling wrath;
Until the sun attains its height,
When Kaltoas seems in sorry plight.
To Athens appealing, he
Beholds her beaming victory;—
And hastening to his rescue now,
The light of triumph on each brow,
His bravest cohorts come to spoil
The legions from Atlantean soil.
On rushing in their fierce array,
To Kaltoas' side they force their way.
He, like a god, untouched, serene,

Leads on again, their ranks between,
And from his chariot cries—
“On, on, my heroes! At them, slay!
Yield not a footstep of the way
Till yonder princeling lies
To rot among those carrion thieves
Whose hateful sight our vision grieves.”

The fiery horses tear away,
By ardor moved to join the fray
As thro' the battle onward speeds
Kaltoas where King Mestros leads.

'T is here stern Fate must work his will—
A glorious day for one fulfill,
And on the other send defeat
That shall forever be complete.
The God of war his fiat passed
Long ere the legions boldly massed
Their forces; and no valor swerves
What harsh decree his mandate serves.

For martial skill was Athens famed;
Its valor none had ever tamed;
So able every movement planned,
So nobly every cohort manned—
Whose chieftains quick the word would heed
By heralds brought on winged steed,—
That not a spirit of the air
To doubt the issue now might dare.

Around Kaltoas for the strife
Are closing guardians of his life
Their blood to shed with joy and pride,
If only they o'erbear, deride,
Lay low, and gibe, invading hosts
That bring destruction to these coasts.
Near them, unto their monarch press,
Amid the slaughter and the stress,
Heroic fighters, famed in war,
Their chargers ever near the car
Of Kaltoas who with fixed intent

THE WORD

On Mestro's death is wholly bent.
Algoras, Saispa, Tocalis,
Peneor and Pandon, find their bliss
In deeds of daring where the cry
Of battle rages to the sky;
Where like a flame the blood leaps up
To lap the victors' brimming cup;—
These value less the life they drain
Than chaff left empty of its grain:—
The blood of paltry foe or beast
Of sacrifice, but swells the feast
For Nature's maw. But one dear life
Unscathed must come from out the strife.
If perish they, it matters not;
What death they gave, that same they got—
If they his person safely guard
Till Victory grant him her award.

The valiant Mestro onward leads
To meet Kaltoas where he speeds;
And close upon his chariot wake
Dash those who him will not forsake—
Hamil, his darling boyhood friend,
And Mokul who his life will fend
With love unfailing to the end.
Here, too, within their war cars stand
A noble and heroic band—
Atlantean lords, named Lepolal,
The famed and favored general,—
Holcan, Cocom, Hokol, Kambul,—
Their hearts with glorious triumph full,—
In chariots edge their king about,
And insolent defiance shout.

The warrior steeds of Kaltoas fly
While showers of missiles pass him by,
Till from his mighty bow sends he
The challenge Mestro longed to see.
On leap the coursers; o'er their heads
Death ever darts and life-blood sheds.

Kaltoas swiftly makes his way

Where Mestro's taunts rise o'er the fray:
"Me seekest thou, O Athens' king —
Thy shame throughout the world shall ring!
Playgrounds for me thy battle-fields,
Where unto us the bravest yields.
By all the gods protected, I
Thyself and legions here defy."

Too brief for his inflated pride
The moment he might thus deride;
For now unchecked, the charges fierce
Of Kaltoas' mid the chariots pierce,
To fight the creatures of their kind
As tho' possessed by fury blind.

Excited by the swift attack
The horses rear; the wheels turn back;
While now, obedient to the reins,
The fighting steed itself restrains,
As side by side each royal car
Gleams with the panoply of war,
And, filled with blood-desiring rage,
Their lives these princes will engage.
Full armored stand the potentates,
And deeply one the other hates,
King Kaltoas silence grim will keep
As from the tongue of Mestro leap,
E'en while his foes assail,
The taunting insults that but wrong
The mortal from whose lips they throng,
When deeds, not words, prevail.

The kings are close, face unto face;
Between their chariots sides no space
Is lost, and Kaltoas' fighting steeds
Stand fast as their brave master needs.
Still shouting, Mestro lifts his spear
And thrusts to make it disappear.
But armored safely Kaltoas stands
And urges with his royal hands
A spear of orichalcum red—
Unerringly doth this imbed
The flesh of him who loudly vaunts

His valor, and Kaltoas taunts.

Then he, the king of Athens, grave
Retorts, "Poor mortal! fight and rave—
A dying foe may well indulge
His venomed hatred to divulge."
The only words were these he deigned
Till he his purpose had attained.

From Mestro's arm a crimson flow
His gilded trapping stains. Let go
He must the weighty shaft, and seize
A dagger that with more of ease
The combat he may quickly close,
Rejoiced at his opponent's throes.

This seeing, Kaltoas too forsakes
His spear, a dagger also takes.
Now fierce must rage the deadly strife
Till one or both shall yield dear life.
Around the chariots banded lords
Their valiant aid to each affords,
In shielding, fighting, holding back
Those partisans who would attack
What king they hoped to see laid low
Ere fatal issue theirs may know.
The air is cleaved by flashing steel,
Before whose blows the valiant reel,
And soon the soil is sodden mud
Empurpled with heroic blood.

The broad champaign with battle raged
For thirst of blood to be assuaged;
In furious combat chieftains pressed
Where mighty kings fought on to wrest
The life from out a noble frame
That death must rob of pride and fame.

Kaltoas, of Athena blessed,
No thrust had taken in his breast,
Nor any hurt received to stay
His action on this fateful day.

But Mestro, eager still to fight,
Himself beholds in woeful plight—
His knees are giving; on the floor
Of that brave chariot flows his gore;
No longer may his strength suffice
To consummate the sacrifice
Of Athens' king, who guarded by
His lords, unscathed can yet defy
The onslaught of Atlanteans brave
Who constant strive their king to save.
Beholding this, with failing strength
A fatal blow he'd deal at length;—
But Kaltoas thrusts his anelace
Close where the gorget hath its place.
The king from out Atlantis sent
Falls moribund, his forces spent.

Kaltoas to the golden car
In leaps and lauds the god of war;
His foe sees breathing yet; unclasps
The armour at the throat, and grasps
His battle-axe. One stroke cuts shear
The head from off the neck. A spear
He seizes; thrusts the head upon,
And gives it to the brave Pandon;—
"Tear down his oriflamme. His head
Set up aloft, to fill with dread
This host, while criers hasten to tell
That Athens every foe can quell."

Now fiery coursers, aliped,
Glad heralds waft where death is spread.
The victors hold the chariot prize—
But Kaltoas sternly on them cries,—
"Forbear! Let paltry gold await
The end. On victory rests the fate
Of generations yet unborn. Set guard
To keep your well-deserved reward.
Athena glorious points to where
Prince Evamon our arms will dare—
Away!" At once his horses leap
And thro' the carnage onward sweep.

Within that captured chariot lies
 A headless form. No longer flies
 The standard royal, golden bright—
 That emblem of unconquered might
 To hosts that followed on.
 But where that ensign first had flamed
 A bleeding head, still helmet-framed,
 Now gleams beneath the sun.
 The earth is heavy with the drain
 Of heroes who a bloody rain
 Have spent to save their leader stern
 Who would from danger never turn.
 Hamil, his boyhood friend had died.
 His skull cleft open; at his side
 Brave Mokul lay, his frame pierced thro'.
 Here dead and dying thickly strew
 The earth. But still survived Holcan
 Who seeking comrades swiftly ran,
 And cried out, "Vengeance! Rally here!
 Let every brave Atlantean spear
 Beset the cursed one who dared
 Destroy a life so illy spared."

His call repeated travelled far,—
 But, trifles turn the tide of war—
 The heralds forth by Kaltoas sent
 Not vainly had their forces spent.
 Where loudest rang the battle din
 A panic soon came sweeping in
 When cried a voice, "The day is lost!"
 From tongue to tongue the word was tost.
 And now rolled out the deep chamade;
 That pressing cohorts quickly stayed;
 Some turned and fled to seek the shore,
 While anger swelled into a roar.
 Alarm was roused, and spreading fast,
 It reached the heart of war at last.
 "Our kings are slain!" cry one and all;—
 And this must every heart appall.

The king of Athens like the wind
 Pressed on, the Atlantean king to find.
 Devoted champions, never loath

To fight, with ardor guarded both.
Evemon's piercing eye discerns
The car of Kaltoas, and he yearns
To face this regal foe. He cries,
As now the shaft from bowstring flies,
"Thy Zeus sends thee here to meet
A victor who shall set his feet
Upon thy neck." Kaltoas makes no boast,
But god-like cleaves the shouting host,
To press the car whose gleam might daze
The eyes that too long on it gaze.
To combat he'll at once provoke,
So cries: "Athena! I invoke
Thine aid to crush the hateful foe—
That freedom hosts again may know."

A demilance Evemon wields;
But matchless armour Kaltoas shields
From every thrust, while Evemon,
In prowess not to be outdone,
His savage onslaught blindly speeds
Unheeding that he freely bleeds.
The helmet towering o'er his face
A blow receives from Kaltoas' mace;
Mad rage is surging in his breast
As mastery he aspires to wrest
From his opponent, who betrays
No anger, tho' his hand ne'er stays.
Thus Evemon his life-blood poured
Erewhile when he defiance roared.
Loose-kneed he tottered where he stood,
And valorous death unto him wooed.
His limbs gave way and down he sunk;—
E'en so, his demilance had drunk
His foeman's blood if Saispa's lance
Caused not the dagger off to glance.

As hotly pressed the strife around,
Kaltoas quickly dealt a wound
That stretched the king inanimate;
And, still the legions to amate,
Bid Saispa raise aloft the head,
That all might know their leader dead.

On every side now raged the shock
 Of battle, and the cruel mock
 Of those who triumphed. On the plain
 Made sodden by the gory rain,
 In torture lengthened out expired
 The valorous men who late aspired
 To win a foremost place and lead
 Their cohorts to triumphant deed,—
 Imploring death the living cried,
 And counted happy they who died
 Escaping harder fate:—
 Thirst-tortured, nevermore to move;
 Beyond the aid of pitying love,
 Their end must they await.
 Here lies the valiant Epaphon
 So handsome and so strong!
 Who in the games great honors won,
 Admired by all the throng;
 Spurned now beneath the victor's heel,
 Death's agony he yet must feel;
 And on his closing ears will come
 Harsh taunts, while weakness chains him, dumb:—
 "Lie there! Foul birds shall pluck thine eyes
 While for thy darling carcass cries
 Some woman fond, on whom shall light
 A fate to make thine own seem bright."

While Kaltoas with the king had fought,
 His cohorts dreadful carnage wrought;
 Till bodies spread the champaign o'er,
 Pledged unto death, and victims tore
 What spoils they might each one retain
 If living they should yet remain.
 Kaltoas swiftly drove away
 To find the thickest of the fray.
 A herald, speeded on the wings
 Of joy, his welcome message brings:—
 "Hail! Kaltoas,—puissant art thou!
 Bright Victory wreathes thy noble brow.
 The foe gives back and to the sea
 In consternation wildly flee.
 The sturdiest men alone will stay
 To bide the issue of this day.

Outnumbered we no longer stand;
The heroes in thy wise command
Will triumph soon attain"—
He said, and Kaltoas' heart rejoiced
While rapidly his will he voiced,
The end to quickly gain.

The leaders of th' Atlantean hosts
Invading ever foreign coasts,
By Kaltoas and his chiefs were brought,
Thro' death with honor, unto naught.

Beholding Mestro's bleeding head,
And hearing far the trumpet peal
That more disaster must reveal,
Whole cohorts, urged by fear, had fled;
Abandoning the field to reach
The boats not far beyond the beach.

The valiant ones will yet await,
Unterrified at any fate;—
Tho' dead their kings, their leaders slain,
Atlantean heroes still would drain
The victors' cup e'er they return
To where in sacrifice must burn
Some trophies taken on the field;—
While anelace and bossy shield
Will serve in triumphs yet to come
Abroad, or in defence of home.
Some lords are here not yet laid low;
On these all aid will they bestow;—
Thus hasten they to take a stand
Where valor is by anger fanned.
And ever on the foughten field
Men raged like beasts and deathward reeled;
The joy insane of combat burned
Each heart; athirst for blood still yearned
The fighting mass that, pausing not,
All things save slaughter had forgot.

Kaltoas and his chiefs prevailed
Where hotly they the host assailed;

Till Athens valor overbore
 The dauntless foe from foreign shore.
 Mestro and Evemon were slain,
 Eke valiant lords that swelled their train;
 Which seeing, courage frenzied grew,
 And, furious, their avengers slew:—
 But all their might was spent in vain,
 And many captives now were ta'en—
 While ever back to find the strand
 Fled they who would escape the land;—
 So eager they the ships to reach,
 O'erladen boats sank near the beach.
 The seamen ready made their sails
 And waited but the favoring gales.

A band of horsemen strong and bold
 Survey the field and there behold
 What triumphs crown Kaltoas' men.
 A daring, valiant noble, then
 Cries out, "Advance! Strike we a blow
 That with us to the shades may go
 Increasing numbers of the foe."

But not with such might these compete—
 Before them glowered black defeat.
 Yet forward swiftly on they came
 Their speed increasing still—
 All shouting as they rode to aim,
 With fixed intent to kill
 The leaders who, with lifted lance,
 Awaited firmly this advance;
 While trampling over prostrate forms
 The reckless cohort onward swarms.

Their chieftain with defiant cry
 Is wounded, and unhorsed must lie:—
 By Fate's unyielding frown
 Outdone, defenceless now is he—
 Too wounded from the worst to flee,
 With Death he lies him down.
 There mowed like grain beneath the sithe
 The heroes fall, in pain to writhe

Till Yum-Cimil, fast drawing near,
Shall free them from a fate so drear.
Groans, shrieks, and curses on the air
Launch they who nevermore shall dare,—
Incarnadined all helpless lie
To welter in their gore and die.

Now shadows creep and darker grow
Upon the horrid scene below—
Night veils the mourning Earth in black,
While overhead the marshalled rack
Of storm-clouds hasting to the strife
Grow dark with thundrous anger rife;
The waves yet higher upward surge
As Tempest drives them with his scourge.
Retreating foremen fain would sleep
Upon the bosom of the deep;
But clouds in deafening war engage
While storm-lashed waters fiercely rage.
To be continued.

COURAGE OVERCOMES FEAR.

In regard to disagreeable and formidable things, prudence does not consist in evasion or in flight, but in courage. He who wishes to walk in the most peaceful parts of life with any serenity must screw himself up to resolution. Let him front the object of his worst apprehension, and his stoutness will commonly make his fear groundless. The Latin proverb says, "In battles the eye is first overcome." Entire self-possession may make a battle very little more dangerous to life than a match at foils or at football. Examples are cited by soldiers of men who have seen the cannon pointed and the fire given to it, and who have stepped aside from the path of the ball. The terrors of the storm are chiefly confined to the parlor and the cabin. The drover, the sailor, buffets it all day, and his health renews itself at as vigorous a pulse under the sleet as under the sun of June.
—EMERSON, "*Prudence*."

THE WORD

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A DREAM OF ATLANTIS—THE LAND OF MU.

By ALICE DIXON LE PLONGEON.

(Continued from page 367.)

PART II.

Awake! Awake! the mighty one
Triumphant hath his course begun;
Arise! receive the light that he
Again bestows on land and sea—
Thus Nature looking heavenward cries,
While dewy flower each petal dries—
Mu's day of doom dawned fair and still;
As merrily each laughing rill
Went leaping o're its pebbly bed;
While feathery warbles overhead,
Their flight in all directions winging,
Alighted oft and gaily singing,
Tossed melodies upon the air
Whose balmy breath dispelled all care.
The boughs of spreading trees were hung
With flowers that all their fragrance flung
To meet the sun-god's glad'ning rays—
Rejoicing every creature's gaze.
The mortal filled with nameless dread
To joy unlooked-for may be led;
But he who thinks himself secure
Oft finds disaster swift and sure.
For bright-eyed Morning lies in wait
Dark Trouble, just within her gate.

Ere long soft tremors shook the plain
Where Maya city stood. The rain
Now flooded every busy street,
All creatures driving to retreat.
In silent awe the birds forsook
Each swaying tree and trembling nook,

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To spread their wings beneath the sky
Whose deluge drove them back to die.
Anon, deep throbbings stirred the land
Now caught in Homen's mighty hand;
All nature felt the dreaded source—
A wave of death whose mighty course
Unchecked must roll, to sink at last
The dead and dying on it cast.
The splendid monarch of the sky
His pinnacle drew well anigh,
When out of Hakol's towering cone
Came fearful sounds, and lightning shone
Like gleaming swords in conflict fierce
Above its top, as if to pierce
The column vast of rising smoke
That from the bursting crater broke.

Thus rang the awful peal of doom,
Enshrouding every form in gloom
Of twilight's hazy gray; and while
The people gasped, amazed, a vile
And sickening odor filled the air
As from the mountain shot a glare
Of more than mid-day sun. Loud now
The rumblings heard and felt below,
In labored heavings of the ground.
Then, silencing all lesser sound,
The mountain uttered roar on roar
While Homen at its vitals tore;
Pent up within he groaned and toiled
That Mu might be of life despoiled.
Old craters that in days long gone
Had fall'n asleep and still slept on,
Aroused at last by Homen's call,
Obedient they, both great and small,
Again sent forth their scorching breath,
And yawned to split their jaws of death.
The heavens, by angry storm—gods plowed,
Their rage expressed in thunder loud.
Earth bellowed 'neath the level roads,
Like bulls unnumbered urged by goads.

Scant heed the populace had paid
In days preceeding. All had said
"Great Hakol will again subside"—
But fate no mortal may deride;—
Tho' smoking mount and quaking earth
Familiar were as death and birth.
Thus on this last and awful day
The wealthy in their villas gay
Admired the mountain's wrathful face
Declaring this an added grace.
And so unmoved beheld at first,

Until great Hakol's top was burst,
And Homen flung his balls of fire,
While from his stronghold, ever higher
Uprose a column black and straight,
Whence spread the sombre pall of fate.
The favored ones now looked amazed
To see that other mounts had blazed
While they applauded Homen's play,
Quite safe—for he was far away.

But this last day was not for man,
Whose paltry life had reached its span;
The gods their revels now would hold;
Nor pause till Mu lay charred and cold.
Their fires must soar from earth to heaven
Till man and all that bore his leaven
Was blotted out—a face accurst!—
Dominion, vice, and gold, its thirst.

A moan that swelled into a roar
Came ever from the earth's deep core.
The toiling herds of beasts and men
By dread of death were stricken when
From out the clouds fell storms of dust
Sharp-stinging as the scorpion-thrust.
Now many creatures tame and savage
That shared the land with humankind,
Broke forth unchecked to rend and ravage
With fang and claw, what each might find.
The herds of toiling elephants

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In terror shrilled their trumpet tones;
 But when the earth convulsive pants
 All lesser voices fade in moans—
 Weak murmurs, piteous, sobbing woe,
 That clamors feebly ere it go
 To rest in silence—as a child
 That wails until by sleep beguiled.
 To heights stupendous Hakol sent
 His horrid inwards, grimly bent
 On devastating all that lay
 Upon the land where he could play.
 His comrades on the east and south
 Made wide each grumbling, fevered mouth;
 Their sides gaped too, and hissing shapes
 Rushed forth like captive that escapes.
 Whate'er these touched to cinders turned;
 The streamlets seethed, the forests burned;
 Flames leaped and followed in the track
 Of Homen's minions; naught could slack
 Their quenchless thirst as on they flew,
 And in their path all overthrew.

One raging cone from off its lip
 A gray hued ball had now let slip;
 This bounded up, expanding till
 A mighty space it seemed to fill;—
 An instant this suspended hung,
 By force terrific now was flung,—
 A monster, crushing in its wrath
 Whatever lay upon its path.

The mountains from their flanks belched out
 Red blasts, while from their cones would spout
 Black boiling mud and sand that poured
 On all below. The thunder roared,
 Earth quaked, and forked lighting flashed,
 As rocky fragments downward crashed.
 Like rivers now the lava came;
 And everywhere the thirsty flame
 Lapped all the hissing water up
 For Homen's sacrificial cup.

The ocean, earth, and sky, intoned
Destruction's dirge, while tempest moaned,
Their tones reverberating thro'
Broad plains where palms and vineyards grew,
In vales remote and heights sublime,
Where never foot of man could clime:
So mighty soon became the roar
It reached where sound ne'er rose before—
Above the plains where fierce winds blow
O'er mountains helmeted with snow.

The Breaker Ppa had forth been sent
To wreak destruction until spent;
A swarm of fiends from depths profound
Had struggled to the upper ground
Where, dealing death along their course,
They far outstript the fleetest horse.

From reeking clouds the fire now came
Descending in a crimson flame—
Death-sheets, that wrapped all things around,
Till naught remained but smoking ground.

Dark yellow whirlwind beat the air
Cut thro' by lightnings' vivid glare.
Another mountain leaped to life,
Upheaving with titanic strife
A trunk of smoke whose boughs of fire
Burned red, then many-hued, and higher,
Away they soared to mask the sun
Long ere its course was fully run.

The trees, as burning rocks flew past,
Took flame and swelled the scorching blast.
The smiling hamlets and the towns,
Alarmed by heaven's increasing frowns,
Saw their inhabitants this day
In all directions wildly stray;
The babes, the ill and helpless, left
Alone, of succor quite bereft;
While multitudes with rushing feet
Fled reckless thro' each darkening street.

For anguish-filled was every form—
 The biggest creatures in the swarm
 Tame elephants, whose trumpet sound
 By universal din was drowned.

When consternation, terror, dread,
 Seized on the crowds, all frantic fled;
 Impelled by madding fear they went
 Half blindly until strength was spent.
 Some, agile in their limbs, fast clung
 To trees, but from the boughs were flung
 By quake on quake, to earth were dashed—
 On every side destruction clashed.
 Now faces many, lighted erst
 By reason's glow, were seen accurst,
 Distorted by the horrid glare
 Of eyes betraying maniac stare.
 Great Maya city now lay doomed
 By monsters that around her loomed;
 The mountains she had loved so well
 Had waked with thundrous voice to tell
 Their secrets which had long lain hid
 Beneath a verdant, flowery lid.
 "The ships! the ships!" some cried, and ran;—
 But others, "Stop, if thou'rt a man."
 They who resisted not their fear
 Set sail in many boats to steer
 In search of safety on the main.
 This seeing, others strove to gain
 The ships of every size and sort
 At anchor in the famous port;
 Full boat-loads went to beg the grace
 Of shelter—any resting place.

So vast and populous was Mu,
 The vessels gathered but a few
 Of those more close at hand. Thus sailed
 Away the cautious ones. Some failed
 To see that earthquake might involve
 Their ships, and, fixed in their resolve,
 Remained within the port and docks—
 Thus Fate its feeble victim mocks.

Each fleeing citizen had seized
Some object that had often pleased;
But avarice now clutched in vain
The wealth it loved; naught would remain—
And soon all else was lost to view
Save dread of death. Then howled anew
The demon called by mortals Fear,
That brings disaster yet more near.
Shrieks, groans, and curses, vow and prayer,
Were smothered in the storm-filled air.
Fierce anguish struck them, as a blast
That snaps the sturdy upright mast—
And like a ship the earth now swayed;
While people huddled, screamed and prayed;
Their wild despair yet more profound
As buildings crumbled to the ground.
Proud halls and temples, treasure-stored,
Were shattered, and their wealth out-poured;
High towers, impregnable, split wide
And crashed below to swell the tide:
The works of man, and Nature's own,
To chaos back again were thrown.

Beneath a pelting storm of hail
The victims fled, before a gale
Of wind and fire and noxious gas.
They gathered in a motely mass—
As helpless as the ocean foam—
Beneath a temple's lofty dome
That, lighted by the glowing sun,
Much admiration oft had won
From foreigners of every clime,
But blackened now with crater-grime.

Scarce seeing, wounded, bruised and lame,
From all directions on they came;
Not finding any level place—
And Death pressed hard upon the chase.
All stumbled, many fell, to wait
In utter misery, hapless fate—
The final pang, from darting heat,
From crashing wall, or trampling feet.

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The fog and smoke, sharp hail and rain,
More torture added to their pain.
Unceasing too those awful tones
Whose echo came in human groans.

Out-rivaling the lightning glare
The mountain-tops gave ruddier flare;
But down below hung over all
The city ways a gruesome pall;
And under this the only light
Was conflagration's dazing sight.

Now multitudes were helpless caught
Between the walls, where some had thought
Protection yet to find.
Men cursed while women wept and prayed,
In vain! Death called and all obeyed.
"Ah! spare us! Save! ye gods!" they screamed,
But by the gods were worthless deemed—
Or gods were deaf and blind.

On pressed the ever surging crowd,
The poor and humble, rich and proud—
The ocean all would strive to reach,
And on they toiled to wharves and beach.
Rich merchants wore but tatters now,
And some had not a rag to show,
When lighted up by fiery glow.

By falling walls some lives were snapped;
More breathed their last by flame enwrapped,
Thus heaps of dead together lay
To fill the living with dismay.

When clouds of dust on victims brake,
In frenzy some their thirst would slake
With aught their lips might find;
The blood of slaughtered beast would take
Or that of humankind.
Tho' rain in frequent torrents fell
Volcanic grime each source would swell.

The serpents too had reached the plain,
And in the yellow dust their train,
A straight and narrow groove, was seen.
The vipers wriggled in between
The forms of dead and dying men;
And woe to him who stirred! for them
The hateful snake its fang unsheathed,
To thrust it into him who breathed.

As danger close and closer pressed
Bold seamen all their powers addressed,
Themselves and costly ships to save
Before the ocean worse might rave.
They cut their cables all in vain!
The seas beyond they could not gain.
To reach those docks the multitude
Once more their struggles now renewed;
Till ships—like branches weighted low
That drop their fruit when zephyrs blow—
Sunk far beneath the water line,
And lacked a spot where might recline
A human form: All stood or clung—
E'en to the masts the wretches hung.

While scalding clay and fiery sand
Came sweeping over sea and land,
Upon the vessels raved and wept
Frail mortals till they off were swept.
Concealed within the ocean-bed,
Are striving other forces dread;
Broad streams of boiling water flow
From sources far below;
For Homen thro' the earth had sent
His minions with the fixed intent
Of setting all aglow.
The under world raised scalding founts
While upper gaps and burning mounts
Cast fuel on the ocean's breast
Increasing ever its unrest.
Waves lashed each other, tossing high
Their foaming crests unto the sky.
To be concluded.